

P. o. angl.

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1 db 1st edn

Boyle

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Two New TRAGEDIES:

THE
Black Prince,
AND
TRYPHON:

The first Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
BY HIS
MAJESTIE'S SERVANTS;

The Other
By his Highness the Duke of York's Servants.

Both Written by the
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Earl of Orrery.

LONDON

Printed by T. N. for H. Herringman, at the Sign of the
Blew Anchor, in the lower walk of the
New Exchange. 1669.

Two Vols. in 12mo.

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AND
TROY PHOENIX



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P R O L O G U E

Spoken by the Genius of England, holding a Trident
in one hand and a Sword in the other.

IS England's Genius, that Victorious Name,
Which shakes the World and fills the mouth of Fame,
So much forgot, as you mispend your Witt
(which my Great Deeds as Greatly might have Writt)
To court a Fancy, or improve a Dreame,
And seek new Worlds for a less noble Theame?
Can you in Armes conspiring Nations see,
And think on any thing but Fame, and Me?
While the loud Cannon, with prophetick sound,
Foretells our King must be in Paris crown'd,
And with such Heat once more invade the French,
As all the Waves between us cannot quench,
To the just fury of whose Fatall Blowes
Fleets, Walls, and Armies they in vaine oppose;
This Trophy, which so gloriously to yours
Add's a fourth Crown, and those four Crownes secures
The Belgian Admirall usurping bore,
And I from him and all his Tritons tore.
He to another Element was blowne,
Who thought himself Immortall in his owne;
For still the Sea his Losses did Repair,
Till our Alcides killd him in the Ayr.
This Sword, which in French blood so often dyed
Intail'd success on the young Edwards side,
Resign'd to you shall all those Arts exceed
Which made him Triumph and that Kingdome Bleed.
Their frighted Lillies shall confess their loss,
Wearing the Crimson livery of your Cross;
And all the World shall learn by their Defeat,
Our Charles, not theirs, deserves the name of Great.



Dramatis Personæ.

King Edward.

King John.

Prince.

Ld. Delaware.

Count. Guesclin.

Ld. Latimer.

Page.

Alizia.

Plantaginet.

Cleorin.

Sevina.

Valeria disguis'd.

A Lady.

Mr. Moon.

Mr. Wintersell.

Mr. Kenniston.

Mr. Hart.

Mr. Burt.

Mr. Cartwright.

Mr. Beeston.

Mrs. Guinn.

Mrs. Marshall.

Mrs. Corey.

Mrs. Nepp.

F. Dampport.

Betty Dampport.

Attendants.

THE

(1)

T H E

Black Prince.

THE FIRST ACT.

The first Scene is a magnificent Palace, King Edward the Third standing in the middle of the Theater, environ'd with his Nobility and Guards; the Lord Delaware presents the King a Letter which when he has read, the King says;

King. **B**Rave Delaware, my Son doth let me know
How much my Empire to thy Sword does owe;
What, generous Youth, could more thy Fame advance
Then with thy hand to take King John of France.

Dela. Sir, What you say, more Fame to me does yield
Then I could gain in Poitiers glorious Field;
For 'tis more honour to be priz'd by You
Then 'tis another Monarch to subdue.

King. No Subject winning Glory can admit
Such Joy, as does his King rewarding it:
The Chape of that Kings Sword whom thou didst take
The Crest for ever of thy Armes shall make;
In that addition to them shall be shown,
While the World lasts, the honour thou hast won:
To thee thy General leaves it to relate
The English Glory and the Frenchmans Fate.

Dela. As soon, Sir, as the Prince to Bourdeaux came
(So much doth Glory his great Soul inflame)
He took the Field, and did forthwith regain
All that King John possess'd in Aquitaine;
Then with like speed Anjou he did subdue,
And all his Towns, but Poitiers, of Poitou;
That place alone his Forces durst oppose.
Guesclin the Gallantest of all our foes
Poitiers did for their Governour admit,
And he a while bravely defended it,
Yet our Success was but a while deny'd,
That by a greater it might be supply'd;
For Heav'n decreed, that Poitiers, Sir, should yield
As deathless Wreaths to you as Cressy Field;

B

The

The noblest Wreaths which ever Victor wore
Wreaths which shall last when Time shall be no more.

King. But tell me how King *John* employ'd his time,
While those three Provinces were torn from him.

Dela. He, the meanwhile, rais'd all the Powers of *France*,
And to relieve the City did advance.

The Prince had notice of a strength so great,
And timely might have made a fair retreat;
Yet since before the place he once did lie,
He was resolv'd to take it, or to die:

From this resolve he could not, Sir, be won.

King. He did therein, but what became my Son;
No humane force could ever yet subdue
An English Prince, and English Army too.

Dela. The French appear, and *Poitiers* spacious plain
Was not enough their Army to contain;

Th' advantages of ground our General takes,
And plants before his Squadrons sharp'ned Stakes;

With the like Art, but yet in thicker Ranks,

He strongly fortify'd his Rear and Flanks.

The Word was giv'n, and all our Bows were bent,

When a French Herald to the Prince was sent,

Who told him that his King had thought it good,

To avoid the shedding of much Christian blood,

To let him know he could not win the Field,

And all should have fair quarter, would He yield:

The Prince unmov'd did instantly reply,

None does deserve to live who fears to die:

Go tell your King, those English I command

The name of Quarter hardly understand;

But that, ere night, he may have cause to know,

What we refuse to take we may bestow.

King. This answer did the message well besit.

Dela. The Herald, Sir, return'd amaz'd at it,

Their odds in number rais'd them to that height,

They thought they came to take us, not to fight.

King. How many were the French?

Dela. ———— They themselves confess'd,

That eighty Thousand men they were at least.

King. What was my Son?

Dela. ———— The truth I do not wrong,

Protesting he was but eight Thousand strong;

But those eight Thousand, Sir, were English men.

King. And One of those may well be reckon'd Ten.

Dela. Sir, since your Army by your Son was led,

We all did then believe what now you said;

For in his eyes we our Success did see,

His looks did ante-date our Victory.

His face, that morning, to us all did show
 Those Lawrels, which that ev'ning Crown'd his Brow;
 Now all the Drums do beat, the Trumpets sound,
 The Soldiers shout the trembling Air does wound,
 The flying Arrows such thick clouds had made,
 As ev'n the heat of Fight produc'd a shade:
 Our Van brave *Oxford* and great *Talbot* lead,
 Whose Swords, that day, did much increase the Dead:
Suffolk and *Warwick* did command our Rear,
 And there deserv'd those Titles which they bear;
 So did *Audley*, Sir, and *Barkley* too,
 Whom all did imitate but none outdo.

King. The like at *Cressy* by those Six was done,
 Danger they flight where Glory may be won.

Dela. Fortune, a while, did fear to ruine *France*,
 But when the Prince his battle did advance,
 He courted her with Valour so Sublime,
 As she turn'd just, and did declare from him;
 They in three Armies did divide their Pow'rs;
 And every one of them did treble ours;
 By which our Prince found, when the day was done,
 That he had fought Three battels to gain One:
 So many heaps of Frenchmen there were slain,
 As into Hills they seem'd to change the Plain;
 And all those Clouds, their Horses feet had rais'd,
 Were with the Blood of their dead Riders laid:
 Two Lords arm'd like King *John* were in the Field,
 And by our Princes hand they both were kill'd;
 In doing which he did prodigious things,
 For though they were Not, yet they fought like Kings;
 While in the Field wars bloody Game was plaid;
Guesclin did fall, and was Prisoner made.

King. In your Relation you omit one thing
 I fain would hear, 'tis, how you took the King.

Dela. Sir, In the heat of Battel 'twas my chance
 To fight with, and to take King *John* of *France*;
 'Twas Fortune onely favour'd me in this.

King. Your Modesty great as your Valour is,
 For here my Son to me at large does write
 The Honour which you purchas'd in the Fight;
 And all those brave Attempts which you did make,
 Before your Regal Prisoner you did take;
 Nothing which you perform'd from me is hid.

Dela. He writes what I'de have Done, not what I Did:
 When the French King into my pow'r did fall,
 I did conduct him to our General,
 Who then was giving of Rewards to those
 Who took two hundred Colours from your Foes;

Amidst those Glorious Trophies, Sir, he stood,
His Armour cover'd all with dust and blood;
Those fights afresh the Captive King did wound.

King. None in a Nobler Posture could be found.

Dela. When to the Prince I nam'd King *John of France*,
He hastily to meet him did advance,
And to his Prisoner did as humbly bow,
As, Sir, he could have done, had it been You.

King. He did therein what did a Prince befit,
Fierce in the Fight and Humble after it.

Dela. The King then said, since Fortune does decree,
I should be taken by my Enemy;
Part of the wounds she gives, she also cures,
Since now I fall into such hands as Yours;
I am your Prisoner, Sir, and come to know
The end you aim at by my being so,
The Prince, in whom all Vertues do reside,
Pitying the Kings misfortune, thus reply'd;
That, mighty Prince, to which I most pretend
Is, from an Enemy you'll turn a Friend:
And if you'll grant what now is begg'd by me,
I'll prize it more then this dayes Victory.
These words the Prince with such an Accent grac'd,
As by the King he closely was embrac'd,
Who told him, in this Action you have shown,
You have more ways to Conquer me then one,
And, Sir, to prove this does my Mind subdue;
That which you ask of Me I beg of You.

King. This last Success transcends the other Three:
'Tis more to Gain then Beat an Enemy.

Dela. All things to tell you too much time would take,
But then so strict a Friendship they did make,
As Our Prince vow'd he would solicit you
To grant the King a Peace and Freedom too;
Then by a Generosity Sublime,
He did that night at supper wait on Him:
By which that Vanquish'd Monarch well might boast,
He there Receiv'd more Honour then he Lost.

King. My Son in this did such High Worth express,
As I more value It then his Success.

Dela. The List of all those Pris'ners which we took
Are by the Prince presented in this Book;

[Gives the King a Book.]

All things secur'd which we had won by force,
He with King *John*, for *England* steer'd his course.
The wind so favour'd him, as yesterday
He safely landed in *Southampton-Bay*,

From

From whence he sent me Post to let you know
They both to morrow, Sir, will wait on you.

King. For their Reception every thing prepare
Which may your joys and your Respects declare,
I'll treat this Royal Pris'ner at a rate
Proportion'd to his Title, not his Fate.
My Actions, not my Words, shall let you see,
How much, brave Youth, You are esteem'd by Me.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene is a Garden and a Grotta, in which Alizia Peirce lies as in a slumber. Enter Sevina, who plays upon the Lute, when she has done, Alizia rises, embraces her, and says;

Aliz. Ah my dear Friend, it is in vain you strive
To give that Ease which onely Death can give.

Sev. This is the day you promis'd I should know
That Fatal Sorrow under which You bow.
I thought the Charms of Musick might abate
The Grief which springs from what you will relate.

Aliz. Too mean a thought you of my Grief admit,
In thinking anything can Lessen it.

Who would not all delights of Life decline
That had a Soul so out of Tune as Mine?

Sev. Do not from such a Friend your self refrain,
My Help may put your Soul in Tune again:

'Tis to your Promise, Madam, that I trust,
Let not your Sorrow make you prove Unjust.

If Grief should make you to such Wrong submit,
You will Deserve as well as Suffer it.

Eliz. My Fatal Promise why do you pursue;
Though Old Grievs, when related, turn to New,
Yet you no longer shall of me complain,
I'll rather Heighten then Deserve my Pain.

You know, Dear Friend, when to this Court I came;
My Eyes did all our bravest youths Inflame:

And in that happy state I liv'd a while,
When Fortune did betray me with a smile;

Or rather Love against my Peace did fight;

And, to revenge his Power which I did flight,

Made Edward our Victorious Monarch be,

One of those Many who did Sigh for Me.

All other Flames but His I did deride,

They rather made my Trouble than my Pride:

But this, when told me, made me quickly know,

Love is a God to which all Hearts must bow.

Sev. 'Tis certain every Creature that hath Breath
Is no more priviledg'd from Love than Death:

Think you what is your Duty is your Crime,
Or else do you repent you Conquer'd Him?

Aliz. Oh had you heard, in what a Mourning way
He the first time his Passion did display,
And had you seen that Grief and matchless Grace
Which did at once Cloud and Adorn his Face;
You had admir'd such Differing Charmes to see,
But more admir'd had they not Conquer'd Me.

Sev. I was your Confident in that Bright Fire
Which Both did in each others breast Inspire:
A Fire might teach all Lovers how to Burn,
Then sure 'tis something else which makes you Mourn.

Aliz. Oh if he had been still to that Bright Flame
As Faithful, and as Constant as I am;
Justice her self, no Fire could higher prize,
But that Blest Fire in which the Martyr Dies.
But he is False

Sev. ——— If what you say were true,
Madam, my Friendship must have seen it too;
'Tis Jealousie which has usurp'd Love's place.

Aliz. Love has more piercing eyes then Friendship has;
From the Suns sight you may the World remove,
Sooner than hide from Lovers change in Love:
His Glorious Flame from me in Clouds is set,
And he Adores the fair Plantagenet;
To that Bright Widow he his Heart does yield.

Sev. Alas since her Brave Lord in France was kill'd,
She onely doth the Pow'r of Grief obey.

Aliz. How soon does Love wipe sorrows Tears away,
Shee's Courted by a Monarch whose Renown
Does make him greater much then does his Crown:
To Conquer All he has resistless Pow'rs;
His Sword subdues His Sex, his Vertues Ours.

Sev. Then let his Virtue which you so much Prize
Suppress your Jealousie and dry your Eyes;
Virtue so Firm as nothing can Remove.

Aliz. Virtue is nothing but a Name in Love,
What cannot Love, when he is Victor, do?
Which makes me think their Change their Virtue too.

Sev. With equal Flames the King your Flames did meet,
And daily breath'd his Passion at your feet:
Myrtles, when giv'n by You, were Dearer held
Than all those Lawrells Vanquish'd France did yield.
He went with Grief that Empire to subdue,
Hating what ever sever'd him from You.

Aliz. I see his Change in spite of all his Art,
He suffers not, but plays the Lovers part.

Sev. Let not such Thoughts be entertain'd by you,
He Courts you now more then he us'd to do.

Aliz. This does the Truth of what I said detect,
His Passion now is chang'd into Respect;
And Love which once was High, and is decay'd,
Like the Sun setting, casts the greater shade.
From all his secret Vows he does depart,
'Tis False Love onely needs the help of Art.

Sev. Such Doubts his Constancy may Over-throw,
Who Thinks him False provokes him to Be so;
Did you to him your cause of Grief unfold?

Aliz. 'Twould not deserve that Name, could it be told;
She meanly Loves who slighted can admit,
Ought but her Love alone can tell her it.

Sev. No wonder Grief thus in your Breast does Reign,
When you from your Physician hide your Pain;
Let Him but hear from whence your Sorrow grows.

Aliz. 'Tis Love, and vain to tell him what he knows.

Sev. Then I will tell it him, and he will fly
Faster to You, than to a Victory;
And quickly learn to clear his Fancy'd Fault.

Aliz. A Perfect Lover needs not to be taught,
And if he were with Loves true Passion Fir'd,
He would not need to Learn, hee'd be Inspir'd.

Sev. At my request ease your distemper'd Mind,
And on my life you suddenly shall find,
To think him faulty is to think Amiss.

Aliz. He is too Guilty, since I think he is.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Cleorin and Delaware.

Cleo. I hop'd your absence (now three years compleat)
Had cur'd your Passion for Plantagenet,
And you would Fame to hopeless Love prefer.

Dela. I courted Fame but more to merit Her,
Since I durst Love, not having Fame achiev'd,
Since I Ador'd her while her Husband liv'd,
Now that the Noble Kent three years is dead,
Now that with Lawrel War has Crown'd my Head,
How can you be, dear Sister, so unwise,
To think that Love can fall while Hope does rise?

Cleo. You know, Dear Brother, onely for your sake
That I three years incessant care did take,
To make my self your Conquerours Confident;
But though I have accomplish'd my Intent,
Yet all I Gain'd by it, is to believe
She never your Addresses will Receive;

For since she lost her Lord the Noble *Kent*,
She thinks all time not paid to Grief mispent.

Dela. In what you say much cause of Hope I find,
Since Grief th' unwelcome'st Passion of the Mind
She does admit within her to Reside,
Love the most welcome cannot be Deny'd.

Cleo. Do not your Hopes with such wild Fancies feed,
Her's is a Grief which does from Love proceed;
You by your Passion strangely are mis-led.

Dela. Is it then possible to Love the Dead?
We but to those Alive can Love express,
For when the Cause does die, the Effect must cease.

Cleo. Your own strange Fate opposes what you said,
Your Love does Live and yet your hope is Dead.

Dela. Since Love has over her Triumphant been,
My Flame is such, to doubt Success were Sin.

Cleo. Nothing from Sorrow can her Soul remove,
And Grief is still an Enemy to Love;
But were her Grief subdu'd, yet I must say
A greater hind'rance does obstruct your way;
In the King's Heart a growing Flame does rise,
Which he discovers by his Sighs and Eyes;
He is the greatest Monarch of the Earth,
And greater by his Actions than his Birth.

Dela. Had I her heart, his Titles would not sway,
In Loves just ballance onely Love does weigh.

Cleo. The Nature of our Sex I'll not disguise,
Our Servants Loves less than their Pow'rs we prize;
For but in Name alone their Hearts are ours,
But we effectually do share their Pow'rs.

Dela. Yet Love would tell her, 'tis a greater thing
To Conquer, then it is to be a King.

Cleo. There's something else which makes my Care more great
Then all which I to you have mention'd yet.
You know the Prince of *Wales* did once appear
Your Conquerours Lover, and was lov'd by her,
And he to wed her gain'd the Kings Consent;
But unexpectedly she married *Kent*:
I often prest the Cause she would reveal,
Yet she the secret does from me conceal;
But though she on the Prince does lay the Blame
Yet she will weep when she but hears his Name.
A thousand other Proofs do make me doubt
That Fire is onely cover'd not put out.

Dela. Ah *Cleorin*, there's none but I alive
Of that Strange Marriage an account can give:
You know when to the Wars of *France* I went
I made a Friendship with the Earl of *Kent*,

Which

Which in short time did grow so strong and high,
 As when he found he of his Wounds should die,
 He to strict silence first did me Engage,
 Then told me how he gain'd his Marriage,
 Which is so strange a story, I dare swear
 She never can love him, nor he love her.

Cleo. I will not beg you then to tell me why,
 Since you have ty'd your self to secrecy:
 Brother, I now must leave you, for you know
 Our King does on King *John* a Masque bestow,
 To which he did *Plantagenet* invite,
 And thither I must wait on her to night.

Dela. Ah since you must be gone, yet e're you go
 Let me at least what I may hope for know.

Cleo. The highest joy to which you can pretend,
 Is, that your Mistress you may make your Friend.

Dela. If She does Friendship and not Love bestow,
 At once she'll make me blest, and wretched too.

Cleo. She'll meet your Friendship, but your Love she'll shun;
 Despair must do what Reason should have done.

Dela. This is a cruelty she should abhorre,
 She should not do so much, or should do more.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter the King, Alizia, and Sevina.

Alizia's Chamber.

King. While your Suspicion to such height does rise,
 You wrong at once my Passion and your Eyes:
 Ah Madam, be no longer so unkind,
 Since you to think me False must think me Blind;
 How can you doubt of any change in me,
 When such fair Eyes are your Security.

Aliz. Ah do not, Sir, condemn what I have done,
 To doubt your Love does more declare my own:
 'Tis Love, not Jealousie which I detect,
 Then for the causes sake excuse th' effect.

King. Madam, there is but one degree you know
 'Twixt doubting I am false and thinking so.

Aliz. To you no clearer Proof, Sir, I can give
 I think you are not false, then that I live;
 For did I doubt you guilty of that wrong
 My death should tell it you, and not my tongue.

King. The pow'r of Kindness, Madam, you confound,
 Making your Love the Sword with which you wound;
 If from this day my Ruine you will date,
 Then by some other Weapon act my fate;

Your Anger Misery enough does prove
 Without ascribing of it to your Love.
 'Twere better far I fell by your Disdain
 Then have your Love my blessing turn to Pain.

Aliz. What I have said too warmly you pursue.

King. How can you love him whom you think untrue?
 Admire not what you said so much does move,
 Since if you think me false I lose your love;
 Against such groundless Fear there's no defence.

Aliz. Love feels no greater Torment then Suspense,
 Since she who truly Loves had rather know
 Her Lover false, than always think him so;
 For 'tis an ill more sensible and high
 To Live tormented still, then 'tis to Die:
 But you may end those Torments I deplore,
 If you will never see my Rival more.

King. This is a Remedy severe and new,
 Rudeness to her must Kindness be to you;
 And of my Love can you no proof admit
 But what will make me for your Love unfit?

Aliz. Ah were I Blest or Curst to such degree
 As that you thought some other lov'd by Me,
 I would for ever from his sight be gone
 And would in your contentment find my own;
 Were your Affections but for me as great
 Then you no more would see *Plantagenet*.

King. She is the nearest Kinswoman I have,
 Her Lord too in my Service found his Grave;
 Nature and Honour these respects approve
 And make that Duty which you doubt is Love.

Aliz. Alas were you not chang'd, you would not be
 Civil to her, rather than kind to me.

King. Will this your Fatal Jealousie remove?
 I swear I never spake to her of Love.

Aliz. Love is not alwayes by Discourse made known,
 It may be spoken in a Look or Groan;
 Some in those wayes more Passion can dispense
 Then others by the Charms of Eloquence;
 Your Oath I fear is dictated by Art,
 Your Tongue is innocent, but not your Heart.

King. This, Madam, too much your unkindness shows,
 You neither will believe my Love nor Vows.

Aliz. Do not admire my Doubts and Fears are high
 When you that easie cure of them deny;
 I saw you gaze on her, much more then you
 Did gaze on me when I did know you true;
 Which to my Torment, Sir, does let me see
 You lov'd Me not, or lov'd Her more then Me;

Man's

Man's Art to such a height could never rise
As love from a true Lover to disguise;
Oh Sir, it is high time I let you know
Though Love is blind, yet Lovers are not so.

King. He never yet the height of Love has known
Who onely found it in a Look or Groan;
When I to you that Passion did express
Which, Madam, onely with my Life shall cease:
Though many Looks and Sighs to you I sent,
Yet by Discourse too I did give it vent;
If through all passages it does not press,
It soon will kill the heart it does possess:
Love is so vast a Passion, as the breast
Is much too small to hold so great a Guest.

Aliz. Great Love is like great Grief, and all, Sir, hold
That Grief is weak or small which can be told.

Enter Lord Latymer, who whispers to the King.

King. Madam, A pressing business calls me now,
Be therefore satisfied with this strict Vow;
My carriage to *Plantagenet* shall be
Such as shall make you grant you've injur'd me.

[Exeunt King and Lord Latymer.]

Aliz. Now my *Sevina*, think you not that I
Had a sufficient ground for Jealousie.

Sev. Madam you had, but give me leave to say
You to suppress it took a hopeless way.

Aliz. To what way else could I have had recourse.

Sev. A Lover never was brought back by force;
But since he raises Jealousie in you,
Madam, resolve to make him Jealous too:
You by a double Right must gain his Heart,
First own it to your Beauty, then your Art:
Love is like Health which all men value most,
Not while it is possess'd, but when 'tis lost.

Aliz. I'll rather bear Misfortunes worst Assault
Then own my blessing to a seeming Fault;
If what you now propose I should approve,
Virtue would blush at my Success in Love;
Honour alone shall guide my Actions still,
Rather than I will do, I'll suffer Ill:
My Rival nor the King shall ever say
To gain my Right I took a guilty way;
She has the Happier, I the Nobler part,
She may Possess, but I Deserve his Heart.

Exeunt.

The end of the first Act.

The Curtain falls.

THE SECOND ACT.

The First SCENE.

The Curtain being drawn up, King Edward the Third, King John of France, and the Prince of Wales appear, seated on one side of the Theater, waited on by the Count of Guesclin, the Lord Latymer, the Lord Delaware, and other Lords, with the King's Guards. On the other side of the Theater are seated Plantagenet, Alizia, Cleorin, Sevina, and other Ladies. The Scene opens; two Scenes of Clouds appear, the one within the other; in the hollow of each Cloud are Women and men richly apparell'd, who sing in Dialogue and Chorus, as the Clouds descend to the Stage; then the Women and Men enter upon the Theater, and dance; afterwards return into the Clouds, which insensibly rise, all of them singing until the Clouds are ascended to their full height; then onely the Scene of the Kings magnificent Palace does appear, all the Company arise.

King Ed. Since you are Pris'ner by the fate of War,
 I shall not onely make it, Sir, my Care
 Your Grief by such diversions to allay,
 But quickly too to take their Cause away;
 Two pow'rful Motives me to this perswade,
 The Friendship, Sir, you with my Son have made,
 And that rare Fortitude which you have shown
 In *Poitiers* Field, and after it was won.

King Jo. Sir, Of that Fatal place I'll not complain,
 Since I in it his Friendship did obtain,
 Which I so prize as I'de the loss repeat
 Rather then miss a happiness so great.

*Embracing
 the Prince.*

Prince. As much as Virtue Fortune does out-shine,
 So much your Victory surpasses mine;
 A treaty will my bonds on you untie,
 But yours on me will last eternally.

King Ed. That Treaty we to morrow will begin,
 And you shall find I'll so proceed therein,
 As you and all the world, Sir, shall confess
 Justice shall guide me in it, not Success:
 Doubt not but what I promise shall be done,
 Tis what I ow my Honour and my Son.

King Jo. Thus using your Success, the world will see
 How justly you deserve your Victory,

Force in rough Fetters may the Body bind,
But onely Friendship Captivates the Mind.

King Ed. It is already, Sir, so late I fear
As I no longer will detain you here;
But onely for the Ladies sake to ask
If you have been delighted with their Mask.

King Jo. While they are here, a Sin I should esteem
My being pleas'd with any thing but them;
To such a height their conquering Beauties rise,
T'admire them onely I employ'd my Eyes.

King Ed. All those who treat of Love are much abus'd,
If Love be dangerous while 'tis diffus'd;
To morrow they attend you at the Ball,
Then 'twill perhaps on one contracted fall.

King Jo. 'Tis harder, Sir, as 'tis by tryall known,
To resist many then resist but one;
But much more hard when each of them I see
Has Charms enough alone to conquer me.

[*Exeunt King John leading out Plantagenet.*

*As all are going out Alizia stops Sevina, who both return
on the Theater.*

Aliz. Stay my *Sevina*, 'ere from hence you go
I must your Heart as you my Heart shall know;
Me thought I saw *King Edward* by Surprise
Look on my Rivall with a Lovers Eyes;
If while I'm present he does her Adore,
Ah when I'm absent sure he does it more.

Sev. Through a false Optick, Madam, still we look,
When Jealousie hath once possession took;
I mark'd the King, and if His Looks were true
He with Loves eyes did onely look on you:
But I am sure the Princes Eyes were set
With so much Passion on *Plantagenet*,
As all my Skill in Looks I think is vain,
If his old Wound bleeds not afresh again;
And I'll ne're trust a Womans Eyes if She
Be not as sick of that Disease as He.

Aliz. I am amaz'd at what I hear from you.

Sev. Madam, You'll find what I have said is true,
And if the Prince and Shee each other Love
The Kings Addresses will Successless prove.
Should his imagin'd Passion be as high
As you can think though thought by Jealousie,
This, Madam, ought your Trouble to suppress.

Aliz. It does increase rather then make it less,
Ah what Delight or Glory will it be,
To find her Scorn does drive him back to me;

May she still rather of her Conquest boast,
Then I regain so meanly what I lost:
My Lover to my Rival I will loose,
Sooner then Take a King she does Refuse.
Then do not think I'll do so Low a thing:
I'll Nobly Loose or Nobly Keep the King.

Sev. My hopes of Serving you I must forsake,
When you a Poison of your Cordial make.

Aliz. What greater curse in Love can Fortune send
Then make the way unworthy to the end?
For should He from my Rivall now refrain,
I must attribute it to her Disdain:
I by my doubt did but the Pain endure,
But what you said cuts off all Hope of Cure. **[Exeunt.]**

The SCENE is Plantagenets Chamber.

Plantagenet and Cleorin.

Cleo. Pray speak your thoughts since I have told you mine.

Plan. Alas dear Friend, they are the same with thine;
But to be us'd by Him as I have been
Does make me blush at Love as at a Sin.

Cleo. I oft have beg'd you, Madam, but in vain,
To tell me why you of the Prince complain.

Plan. 'Tis that alone from thee I can conceal,
Nay I that Secret would to thee reveal,
Had I not Lov'd the Prince to such degree,
As I had rather be Condemn'd then he:
Ah what can my Respect more clearly show,
Then willingly his Guilt to undergo.

Cleo. I cannot think a Prince of such high Fame,
As all the World does homage to his Name,
To such a horrid Crime can condescend;
As is unfit for you to tell your Friend.

Plan. To those bright Stars which guide us 'tis a shame,
That so much Falshood dwells with so much Flame.

Cleo. Heaven seldom does that man with Laurels Crown
Who ought by Thunder to be stricken down,
And Crimes which you to me dare not relate
Cannot but Merit, Madam, such a Fate:
I doubt you are betray'd by some abuse.

Plan. Oh that his Sin would but admit Excuse;
Which that it cannot doubtless you'll admit,
When I have vow'd, 'twas he which told me it.

Cleo. Madam, You might his words mis-understand.

Plan. Alas he writ them me with his own Hand.

Cleo.

Cleo. Oh in what Throne can Sacred Vertue Reign,
When Such a Prince does Falshood entertain.

Plan. I know not which for wonder is more fit,
Th' Offence he did or my out-living it;
But though no usage ever was so ill,
Yet, *Cleorin*, I fear I Love him still;
For when I saw him at the Mask to night,
From him I could not take away my sight;
Blushes and Sighs each other did pursue,
Too certain Signs that what I Fear is True;
But I'll no more this guilty task prolong,
Who can the Offender Love, deserves the Wrong.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King John of France, and Count Guesclin.

Guesc. Since all things, Sir, to ease your Grief are done
By the Great *Edward* and his Greater Son,
Why shew you now more Sorrow in your Look
Then when at *Poitiers* you were Pris'ner took.

King Jo. Ah who could think more could by Fate be done,
Then rob me of my Freedom and my Crown.

Guesc. You did unworthy of your Fate appear,
So bravely, Sir, those Losses you did bear.
Your Conquerour, for a constancy so high,
Applauded You, and blam'd your Destiny.
Heav'n did to you your Miseries assign,
Onely to make your Vertues brighter shine.

King. Over my Sorrows I could still command,
Were I but Fortunes malice to withstand;
She could my Hands but as a Pris'ner bind,
But now I am a Captive of the Mind;
At *Poitiers* I by Force did lose the Field
But here alas I willingly do Yield.

Guesc. I cannot, Sir, believe so ill of you
As that you blame what willingly you do.
How can you bear the worst of Fortunes blows,
Yet sink with what you on your self impose.

King. This Generous Prince doubly does me subdue,
By force of Armes, and force of Friendship too.
I must lament what he hath done for me,
Since now 'tis Sin to hate my Enemy.

Guesc. Blame not your Fortune, but your self Commend,
For making a Brave Foe a Braver Friend.

King. He by my Ruine makes his Glory rise,
Then by my Friendship from Revenge he ties,
Oh do not blame me if I feel Remorie,
When I'me subdu'd by Kindness as by Force.

Guesc.

Guesc. Your Friendship for him, Sir, was never found,
If such effects of it your Soul does wound;
Ah let him never, Sir, my King subdue
Both by his Fortune and his Vertue too.
Your Honour is so Firm and so sublime,
'Twere Sin to think you Guilty of that Crime:
'Tis something else which does your Grief Inspire,
After what you would hide I'll not inquire.

King. Ah Friend, I grant 'tis something else indeed,
Yet from his Friendship does my Grief proceed,
For at the Mask King *Edward* made for me
The Bright *Plantagenet* I there did see,
And soon my Heart a Passion did admit
Vast as those Beauties which created it:
Such Features, Colours, Motions, and such Eyes,
With the Result which from them all did rise,
My Soul to this belief did quickly win,
That Yielding Duty was, Resistance Sin.

Guesc. Your Grief from Love not Friendship then does grow.

King. It springs at once from Love and Friendship too:
For I observ'd, during the masking Night,
The Prince on her did alwayes fix his Sight,
And often from his breast a Sigh wold steal
Which as his Looks his Passion did reveal;
But that which made my Trouble much more great
Was, when her Sight did with the Prince's meet:
A bright Vermillion in her Face would rise,
Then with a Sigh she would cast down her Eyes;
What stronger Prooff could either of them show,
That he lov'd her, and that she Lov'd him too:
Condemn not then my Grief who must contend,
Both with my Conquerour, and with my Friend.

Guesc. Let that which does your Grief your Glory prove,
Making your Friendship overcome your Love;
'Twill be by all a Greater Action held,
Thus to Decline a Love then Gain a Field;
As much as Vertue above Fortune is
So much your Glory will out-rival his;
For you a Nobler Conquest this secures,
Let Force his Triumph make, but Friendship yours.

King. Guesclin, Such talk as this you must forbear,
The greatest Glory is her Chains to wear;
In what thou mov'st, thou dost mispend thy breath,
None cures her Beauties Wounds but She or Death.

Guesc. 'Tis strange to be so Vanquish'd the first hour.

King. That does not show my Weakness but her Pow'r.
Her Beauty onely has the Right and Art,
At the first Sight to Captivate a Heart;

Her

Her Eyes can be no more oppos'd then Fate;
Others may Raise, but she does Love Create.

Guesc. I once believ'd the Empire of your Breast
Could onely by *Valeria* be possesst.

King. I was my self to that belief confin'd,
But now *Plantagenet* has chang'd my Mind;
She claim'd my Heart in such a Charming way,
That to Refuse was worse then to Obey;

Guesclin, She gives, as to my cost I prove,
New Rules in Beauty, and new Laws in Love.

Guesc. This sudden change I cannot, Sir, but dread,
The News of it will strike *Valeria* dead.

King. Who on my Conquerours Beauty does reflect,
Will find the Cause does justifie th' Effect.

Guesc. But why have you your Heart so soon resign'd
To Outward Beauties, till you knew the Mind.

King. Ah when the Mask was done, I quickly found
Her Mind was like her Eyes with Brightness Crown'd;
Such heightned Wit did in her Words appear,
As she subdu'd my Heart too by my Ear:

'Twas vain alas to think of a Defence,
When she had Charm'd my Soul in every Sence;
Then do not hope my Passion to remove,
But as thou art my Friend assist my Love.

Guesc. Though I foresee this Passion many ways
Will to your Fame and Freedom Trouble raise,
And that the Prince's Love obstructs your way,
Yet, Sir, since you Command me I Obey;
I'll make it, Sir, my business now to win
Your Conquerours Confident fair *Cleorin*:
To Lovers, Sir, the Favorite Women are;
The same as Outworks to a Town of War;
Though to the Town compar'd but small they look,
Yet those once gain'd, the Place is sooner took.

King. Go my dear *Guesclin* then, and quickly try,
If Friendships Wings as fast as Loves can Fly.

[*Exit several ways.*]

The SCENE is the Prince's Chamber.

The Prince and Delaware.

Prince. Oh *Delaware*, mine is so strange a Grief,
As I nor Hope nor Wish to have Relief.

Dela. May you not to your Servant, Sir, declare
That Grief in which he begs to have a share?

Pr. Ah why should I that Grief to you impart,
Whose Trouble for it will more Wound my Heart;

With my own Sorrows I can scarce contend,
 Adde not to these the Sorrows of my Friend.

Dela. Since you to me so high a Title give,
 I humbly beg you by it to believe
 Nothing to you so Great a Grief can be
 As this denial, Sir, would prove to me;
 If, Sir, your Friendship Treats me at this rate,
 'Twill make your Kindness wound me like your Hate.
 Should I want Pow'r to make your Grief decline,
 I'll not increase it by disclosing mine.

Pr. That deep Affliction under which I Groan
 Cannot alas be eas'd by being known;
 Yet since no proof you'll of my Friendship take,
 But what your trouble and my own must make,
 Rather then you should fear the Truth of it,
 I to that proof which you desire submit;
 I doubt not you have heard how heretofore
 The Fair *Plantagenet* I did Adore,
 And that I had some ground to think that she
 Nor Cruel nor Ungratefull was to me;
 Heav'n knows I Lov'd her with so chaste a Flame
 As I to Marry her did onely aim,
 To which at last my Father did consent,
 When she next day but one did marry *Kent*;
 And which is worse, if worse then this can be,
 She for it n'ere excus'd her self to me.

Dela. To offer at it had increas'd th' abuse,
 Who could excuse a fault above excuse?

Pr. I who through all Wars dangers oft have past,
 I who a thousand times have Death out-fac'd,
 In all those Horrors did less Trouble see,
 Then in *Plantagenets* inconstancy.

Dela. 'Tis she, not you, which should her Change repent,
 Since in her Sin she found her Punishment.

Pr. Alas to me a sad Revenge it prov'd,
 To see her Ruin'd whom so much I Lov'd:
 What worse to me could She or Fortune do,
 Then make her Punishment my Torment too;
 A Torment which all others did out-do,
 Since I who felt it cannot tell it you;
 But yet at last Honour prevail'd so far,
 As I forsook *Plantagenet* for War;
 Hoping in War by Death to find Relief,
 Or else in time to waite away my Grief.

Dela. In her Inconstancy and in that War,
 Heav'n shew'd it took of you a double Care;
 With deathless Lawrels you have Crown'd your Head,
 And mist a Wife unworthy of your Bed.

Pr. How dare you talk of her at such a rate,
For though her Usage might deserve my Hate,
Yet from her Eyes such conquering Light does break,
As none of her but with Respect should speak.

Dela. Forgive me if the sence, Sir, of your Wrong
Did force a Guilty Duty from my Tongue.

Pr. To her alone that suit you must prefer,
I dare not pardon an Offence to Her,
The Wrong I told thee of concerns not Thee.

Dela. Yes she in Wronging you has injur'd me.

Prince. From such Discourse I charge you to refrain;
Be thought by me t' Endure and not Complain;
If what I said thou dost so much deplore,
What I must say I find will grieve thee more;
For know she does again my Conquerour prove; [*Dela. starts.*
I thought her Change had cur'd my Injur'd Love;
But when last night I saw her Beauties Shine,
Resentment did to Love the Throne resign;
And that deep Wound clos'd up by her Disdain
Was open'd by one Conquering Look again;
As when the Murth'rer does the Murder'd see,
The Corps will bleed a-fresh immediately.

Dela. Oh let it never of my Prince be said,
He yields to one by whom he was Betray'd!

Pr. I glory more my Love that Wrong o'recame,
Then I can Grieve that I so Injur'd am;
What to my Flame a Remedy can grant,
When her Inconstancy that Power does want:
I find, do what she will, in me she'll Reign,
Her Eyes give deeper Wounds then her Disdain.

Dela. What her Disdain did want the Power to do,
Let Honours Dictates now perswade you to:
And, Sir, to arm you for this just Assault,
Know she has said her Mariage was your Fault:
Ah 'twas enough the Injury to do,
Without attributing the Guilt to You.
Malice it self at nothing worse could aim,
She kills your Love and then would kill your Fame.
And, Sir, to shew her Fault all Faults surpass,
She of the First makes use to act the Last.

Pr. Ah do not think this can my Love subdue,
Since what she charg'd me with I wish were True:
I at my Miseries would scarce repine,
Had I the Pow'r to make her Failings mine.
My Love for her would make me be content,
To have her Guilt and my own Punishment;
Yet I have nam'd but half the Weight I bear:
My Father is in Love with her I hear;

And

And I am much mistaken if last Night,
 She the French King Subdu'd not at first Sight ;
 By which I find I must the Field maintain,
 Against my King, my Friend, and her Disdain.
 But though worse Crosses should my Hopes befall,
 My pow'rfull Love would Overcome them all.
 Disswade me not, but try for me to win
 The Friendship of thy Sister *Cleorin* ;
 She most of all my Conquerours mind does sway,
 Reply not if thou Lov'st Me, but Obey. [Exit Prince.]

Delaware alone.

Dela. Some Fatal Planet at my Birth did Reign,
 Since all things which should Cure, Augment my pain ;
 My Sister who at last for me did get
 To be the Favorite to *Plantagenet*,
 Which from Despair till now my Soul did free ;
 My Prince makes use of now to ruine me ;
 My Love he aims not onely to destroy,
 But to obtain that End does Me employ.
 Not doing it I Disobedience show,
 And if I do it, I my Love o'rethrow :
 That Secret, dying *Kent* reveal'd to me,
 Which rais'd my Hopes, now makes my Misery.
 My Mistress I betray while 'tis conceal'd,
 And should betray my Love were it reveal'd ;
 What ever happens I must Wretched prove,
 For I must Lose, or not Deserve her Love.
 Thus from Wars Dangers Crown'd with Bayes I rise,
 Onely to fall the greater Sacrifice ;
 Yet of a Remedy I will not doubt,
 Love which has Led me in may Lead me out.

[Exit.]

The End of the Second Act.

THE

THE THIRD ACT.

The SCENE is King John's Apartment.

Enter King John, and a Page.

Page. **T**He fair *Valeria* has her Brother sent
T'attend you, Sir, in your imprisonment;
His Sister from the Duke of *Lancaster*
Obtain'd a Pass which brought him safely here;
He is but newly lighted at your Gate
And begs your leave that he on you may wait.

King. *Valeria's* Brother sure it cannot be.

Page. Sir, I but say the words he said to me.

King. Which of her Brothers is't?

Page. ——— That Brother, Sir;
Who, e're his face was hurt, resembled her.

King. Call him ——— Exit Page.
How can I on the Brother look,
Whose Sister is by me so soon forsook?
But who the Bright *Plantagenet* shall see,
Must be unjust or else must pardon me.

Enter the Page with *Valeria's* Brother, whom the King
embraces.

King. You are so like your Sister, I should know
You were her Brother though none told me so:
She may increase my Debt as she thinks fit,
But nothing can the Sence I have of it.
The Battel I have lost I hope that She
Ascribes to my Ill Fate, and not to Me;
Fortune alas too Tyrannous would prove,
If what has lost my Crown should lose her Love.

Val. Bro. Since for your Mistress you of her made Choice,
She at the loss, Sir, does almost rejoyce;
For it presents her with a proof that shows,
Her Love is past the reach of Fortunes Blows.
She'll grieve at nothing your ill Fate can do,
Unless at that which severs her from you.

King. Never Affection to this height did rise,
It proves her Love is matchless as her Eyes;
And makes me scarce repine at what I bear,
Since it does shew how I am lov'd by her.

Val. Bro. She of her Love a higher Proof does show,
In what she has commanded me to do;

For, Sir, She knows that *England* still affords
Beauties, which are Resistless as her Swords,
And has enjoyn'd me if you here should be
In Love with any one more Fair then She,
I should assist you, Sir, in your Amours,
And Sink her Happiness, to Heighten yours.

King. She does at once in what she bid you do
Declare her Love, and run no hazard too;
For he, who once is made *Valeria's* prize,
Is arm'd against all Wounds from others Eyes.

Enter Guesclin.

*The King goes hastily to meet him to the other side of the
Theater: Valeria's Brother list'ning to them.*

'Tis with impatience, *Guesclin*, I have staid
To learn from you the Progress you have made.

Guesc. In vain I try by Presents, Sir, to win
The Assistance of the Beauteous *Cleorin*;
She, as I'me told, was preingag'd before.

King. Whoever told you that could tell you more!

Guesc. By Gifts I won a Lady who of late
The Honour on your Mistress had to wait,
Who told me and assur'd me it was true,
The Prince of *Wales* does love your Mistress too.

King. In this my Cruel Fate on me does send
The greatest curse which I could apprehend,
Must I the Prince or else my Fortune blame,
Who thus does rival me in Love and Fame?

Guesc. How can you justly, Sir, this News deplore
Since I but tell you what you thought before.
'Tis the least Wonder does in Love befall,
To think a Mistress is Ador'd by all.
I as a Lover to that Thought was bound,
But now that Thought a Certainty is found,
Which justly in my Soul does grief infuse.

Guesc. She has acquainted me with stranger News,
She told me, Sir, this is the second time,
The Bright *Plantagenet* was lov'd by him.
He by Despair to the French Wars was sent,
She leaving him to wed the Earl of *Kent*,
But she the cause of it could not relate.

King. How strange and intricate a Pow'r is Fate,
The Prince of *Wales* finds in a slighted Flame
The Noblest of all wayes to raise his Fame;

Glory

Glory does heal what Love made him endure,
 And his Dispair presents him with his Cure.
 He mist her Love a while, that he might be
 More worthy of it by his Conquering Me;
 A happy Planet at his Birth did Reign;
 A seeming Loss brings him a double Gain;
 While Fate with me so cruelly does act,
 As by one Loss a greater I contract,
 Successless Love his way to Fame does prove,
 And loss of Fame does make my way to Love.

Guesc. You wrong your Vertue by this strange Debate,
 The Brave are still the makers of their Fate;
 'Tis onely, Sir, those men whose Souls are low,
 Which first made Fate and then to Fate did bow.
 Nor War nor Love, Sir, are Resistless Powers,
 Both have their Happy as Unhappy Hours;
 But he who does for one Mischance Dispair,
 Can ne're be prosperous in Love or War.
 As I have told you what has rais'd your Grief,
 So now I will present you some Relief;
 For my informer, Sir, to me has sworn,
 That though the Prince your Mistress does Adore,
 He hath not yet his Love to her disclos'd,
 She therefore, Sir, has hopefully propos'd.
 That you this moment to the Prince would go
 And let him from your self this Passion know;
 His Friendship for you and so great a Trust
 Will make him cease to Love or be Unjust;
 If, Sir, he does the first, your End you win,
 And by the last make Rivalship no Sin:
 This, Sir, which She Proposes I approve.

King. No Friendship ever yet could conquer Love,
 He to that Passion vainly does pretend
 Who can resign his Mistress to his Friend;
 I scarce can relish what she does advise,
 It seems to me nor Generous, nor Wise,
 For in vain hopes of what it ne're will do
 I clearer shall the lesser Friendship show;
 My Friendship too were guilty of a Crime
 Should his do more for me then mine for him.

Guesc. But e're her Council, Sir, you Disapprove,
 Consider if you can forsake your Love.

King. Sooner then I my Passion will forgo
 I will forsake my Crown and Friendship too.

Guesc. Then pray, Sir, follow what she does Advise,
 And you will find 'tis Generous and wise;
 If to the Prince you first your Passion own
 You first do that which he first should have done,

And lay that Blame on him while this you do,
Which justly else he might have charg'd on you:
Since you will Court the Mistress of your Friend
This is the fairest way to reach your End.

King. I will approve that which you last did say,
And to attempt it will no time delay.

[*Exeunt King, Guesclin and Page.*]

Val. Bro. In which of both does he not Guilty prove,
In his Dissembling, or his change of Love?
There is but one way left that I can see
To Cure or Punish his Inconstancy. *Exit.*

Enter Plantagenet and Cleorin.

Cleo. *Guesclin* did shew no little Discontent
When I refus'd the Gifts his King had sent,
Who since this way he does Successless prove
He will himself declare to you his Love;
And, Madam, I believe King *Edward* too
Will suddenly disclose his Flame to you.

Plan. Oh *Cleorin* how cruel is my Fate
That those should Love me most whom most I Hate,
And he whom most I love in spite of's Fault,
I fear of me scarce does admit a Thought.

Enter to them Alizia and Sevina.

Aliz. Excuse me, Madam, if I take this time
T' accuse your Beauty of a seeming Crime:
That Friendship which on me you did bestow
Does make it just I should yet call it so.

Plan. Madam, I am Surpris'd at what you say,
For that great Friendship which to you I pay,
Does make me confident I ne're could do
What may be call'd a seeming Crime by you.
Let me but know my Charge, and you will see
You are more Faulty in Suspecting me.

Aliz. From the first hour in which you did descend
To bless me with the Title of your Friend,
I so much valu'd it as Heaven does know
I strove to Merit what you did bestow,
Which makes what e're I did in serving you
To be at once my Joy and Duty too.
And though your Goodness often would confess
I serv'd you above all you could express,
Yet I was higher Griev'd I did no more,
Then I was Pleas'd with all I did before.

Plan.

Plan. Madam, to prove my Debt you need not strive,
I'll own my self the ungratefull'st Soul alive,
If since our Friendship I did e're admit
A thought which might but seem unfit for it.

Aliz. Ah, Madam, can you say what now you do,
And have your Face exempt from blushes too?
Or do you think it is a Friendly thing
To rob me of my Lover and my King?
One, who till now preserv'd so pure a Flame
As made him greater for his Love than Fame;
If this be held a Friendly Act by you,
Pursue such friendly Acts, and Kill me too;
To me a much less Cruelty 'twould prove
To rob me of my Life, than of my Love;
For our past Friendships sake you shou'd not give
Wounds worse than Death, and after let me live:
Your Cruelty grants half of my Request,
Then let your Pity, Madam, grant the rest:
Accept this Weapon, and no longer shun
To let your Hand cure what your Eyes have done.

Presenting her a Dagger.

Plan. I am amaz'd at what you say and do,
I'll sooner wound my self with it than you.

Aliz. Ah, 'tis your kindness to the King I see
Hinders your granting what is beg'd by me;
His Image, Madam, you but love too well,
You fear to strike the Shrine where it does dwell;
But for that Reason what I ask dispence,
Since onely Death can banish it from thence;
Else to you Conquest 'twill some trouble give
To know he in your Rivals heart does live.

Plan. Can you believe I'll share that Monarcks Bed
By whose Command my Father lost his Head?
My Father who was Uncle too to him,
And who in Virtue to such height did climb,
As a whole day he on the Scaffold stood,
E're they could find out one would shed his Blood;
King *Edwards* double Guilt my soul does fright,
First he usurp'd on his own Fathers right,
Then stain'd a Scaffold with his Unkles gore
For striving his wrong'd Brother to restore.

Aliz. You should not charge your Fathers death on him,
Since 'twas his Pow'r, not he, which did that Crime;
His Chancellours, while he was under age,
Cloath'd with his name th' injustice of their rage;
For which when he had reach'd his Fourteenth year,
He put to death the Guilty Mortimer,

H

And

And to appease you for that Murtherers Sin
He now does Court you to become his Queen.

Plan. I thought from Nature you had understood
There's no Atonement for a Fathers Blood :
Then do not think I'll ever Condescend
At once to injure Nature and my Friend.

Aliz. Have you forgot how you were almost won,
Madam, to wed your Father's Murth'ers Son :
If onely Love prevail'd so far with you,
What cannot Love, and thirst of Empire do.

Plan. Into a high Injustice I had run
Had I ascrib'd the Kings guilt to his Son.

Aliz. You with a worse Injustice can dispence,
You charge the King with *Mortimers* Offence ;
A Fathers Guilt a Son may undergo,
But Kings partake not Sins which Subjects do.

Plan. If on the Prince his Birth a Guilt did lay,
He with his Tears did wash that Guilt away.

Aliz. The Princes Grief was Weak, the Kings was Strong,
The Prince Deplor'd, the King Reveng'd your Wrong ;
The King did more if rightly understood,
The Son gave you but Tears, the Father Blood.

Plan. 'Twill easier to a Cruel Prince appear,
To spill a Subjects Blood, then shed a Tear :
But those true Show'rs wept by the Prince of *Wales*
To judge him Innocent with me prevails.

Aliz. This does but shew the King what he should Do,
He need but Weep to be judg'd Guiltless too ;
Or if yet Guilty held, with little Pain
A Lovers Tears will wash off any Stain.

Plan. Though your not Crediting what I have spoke
My just Resentment does too much provoke,
Yet that you may my Friendship clearly see,
Ev'n while you shew that you have none for me,
Since what I said has not prevail'd with you,
I will Convince you by this Solemn Vow :
I swear the King nor any e're to me
Mention'd that Love which makes your Jealousie ;
And should he e're for me a Passion have,
Rather than wed the King I'll wed my Grave :
These Vows your Friendship should to me restore.

Sev. You cannot Ask, nor can the Promise more.

Cleo. Such Vowes as these should your Belief perswade,
And Friendship thus Renew'd is Stronger made.

Aliz. Ah, Madam, now my Trouble is more high
Then it was lately by my Jealousies ;
You could impose no Penance so Sublime,
As thus to Shew me and Forgive my Crime.

What

What ends one Pain a greater does begin,
 Since all my Grief for your imagin'd Sin
 Did not so much my wounded Mind Subdue,
 As does the Grief of having Injur'd you:
 Yet who can wonder that I Jealous grew
 Of so much Beauty and such Vertue too;
 The Perfectness of both you now have shown,
 The Last has pardon'd what the First has done.
Plan. If what I did might to Reward pretend
 You give the greatest, being still my Friend.

[Embraces her.]

Aliz. And may I be depriv'd of Life and Fame,
 When e're again I lose that Glorious Name. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward, and Lord Latymer as in Discourse.

Laty. To me th' assurance she did twice repeat.

King. What! that my Son Adores *Plantagenet*?

Laty. And with a Passion, Sir, that does appear
 More fierce then that which he first paid to her.

King. Ah can he be so mean to Love again
 One who his former Passion did Disdain?

One who was Guilty of so strange a Crime,
 As to give *Kent* that Heart she Promis'd him?
 And that her Scorn she might the more Display,
 Wedded a Rival on his wedding day;
 At least that day which was for him design'd.

Laty. Love never was to Reasons Rules confin'd,
 For 'tis a Passion, Sir, which onely knows
 Such Laws as on it self it will Impose.

King. But Honour should oblige him to Abhor
 One by whose Guilt he was Betray'd before.

Laty. A Lover thinks that no Dishonour lies
 In twice submitting to his Mistress Eyes.
 We soon may Love and Fortune reconcile,
 When either of them after Frowning Smile.

King. Oh *Latymer*, the News thou dost impart
 Does with a Double wound afflict my Heart;
 First that my Son by such a Love should dare
 To blast those Glories he has won in War;
 Then that his Flames should be to her Address'd
 Without whose Love I never can be Blest.

Laty. starts.

Why dost thou start? is it so strange a thing
 That so much Beauty should Subdue thy King?
 Rather admire I did not sooner bow
 To such Bright Eyes, then that I do it now;
 The Greatest Men that e're the World did Grace
 Have still allow'd to Love the Highest Place;

Caesar.

Cæsar, who gained many a Glorious Field,
Yet did to *Cleopatra's* Beauties yield.

Laty. Had he not won many a Glorious Field,
That Love had been but as his Weakness held;
His Conquests make us think his Soul Sublime,
And many Victories Excuse one Crime.

King. Whatever in my Love is judg'd amiss
I'll expiate by Actions Great as his.

Laty. But how, Sir, can you well Condemn your Son
For Doing that which by your self is Done,
Since both of you Purpose the same Design.

King. His Case my Lord does differ much from mine.
For though we both *Plantagenet* Adore,
Yet he has been Betray'd by her before:
The difference is exceeding great you see
She has Affronted him, but Conquer'd me;
Love is at worst a Noble Frailty thought,
But Love when Scorn'd is justly held a Fault.

Laty. May I be Pardon'd if I speak my heart?

King. what 'ere you think you freely may impart.

Laty. May not the Prince then, Sir, as justly say
You are more faulty to *Alizia*?

You cease to love her in whose Heart you Reign'd,
And he but loves her who his Love disdain'd;
He with the best of Loves extreams is curst,
But you seem guilty of the very worst;
His Fault is, Sir, the lesser of the two,
You too Inconstant are, and she too True.

King. O do not wound me by reminding things
Which rather Trouble than Repentance brings.

Laty. The Fault which you Confess will you Pursue?

King. We should not Sin, and yet we dayly do;
I owe *Alizia* more then you can say,
But what I owe her I want pow'r to pay:
Plantagenet should onely Wonders do,
She makes my Fault, and does excuse it too.

Enter to them the Prince and Delaware.

Prince. Sir, I am come to make you a Request
Which if deny'd I never can be Blest;
'Tis a Request I beg you to Admit,
And beg your Pardon too, for making it.

King. I'll grant what e're you ask though ne're so great,
If it does not concern *Plantagenet*.

Prin. Sir, It relates to her in some degree,
But it exceedingly relates to Me.

King. Then you are come, I doubt, to ask again
My leave that she may twice your Love disdain,
Since

Since there is nothing else I can believe
Unfit for you to Ask, or me to Give,
And yet that Sin Honour should so detest,
As you should never make it your request.

Prin. If 'tis a Sin to love her, Sir, I fear
That every Man must Sin that Looks on her.

King. Loving of her which is her Beauties Due
From any other, is a Sin in you.

Prin. How can it, Sir, by you be justly thought
That what is Mandkinds Duty is my Fault.

King. You know what Scorn she did to you dispence,
And in such ways as Height'ned the Offence;
Without the Blemish of that double Stain,
She had within your Heart deserv'd to Reign;

Prin. But had not I through those Fierce Tryals run,
I had not Merited what I had Won.

King. Too far she in those Guilty Tryals went,
When she abandon'd you to Marry Kent;

Prin. His Fate is Nobler who Deserves, but Fails,
Then his who Merits not, and yet Prevails.

King. But those Fierce Tryals which she us'd you to
Makes her Incapable to Merit you;

For should she love you now 'twould be too late;
The Wrongs of Honour what can expiate?

Prin. Her Love, when e're Conferr'd, will Overpay
The Affronts of Scorn and Tortures of Delay;
Against her Beauties 'twere the greatest Fault
To think her Love can be too dearly bought.

King. Rather that cruell'st Injury she gave
Should all your Scorn and all your Hatred have;
Then do not Hope I ever will allow
That by my leave she twice should Injure you,
Ask all those Provinces your Sword has Won,
Ask me to share with you the English Crown,
And that true Kindness which does me dispose
Still to deny you Her, would grant you Those.

Prin. The Empire of the world I should Disdain,
Unless *Plantagenet* with me did Reign;
No Charms would in that Throne to me appear,
Without I had your leave to place Her there;
But if you grant me what I now implore,
I cannot Ask nor can you Give me more.

King. When first her Beauties in your Heart did Reign,
I had design'd to Marry you in Spain;
And the consent I of *Don Pedrow* won,
By which you had Succeeded to his Crown;
But by affection for you I was led
To give you leave *Plantagenet* to Wed.

What Act of greater Kindness could be shown,
Then yield your Love should lose so fair a Throne?
You have lost *Spain* by your first Fatal Flame,
And by your second you will lose your Fame,
Those Wreaths which Conquer'd *France* for you have made
By such a Guilty Fire will quickly fade.

Prin. I doubt not, Sir, but by my Sword to gain
As large a Monarchy as that of *Spain*.
Fortune the Valiant may to Thrones prefer,
But 'tis by Sufferings I must Conquer her.

King. Ah Prince, since nor your Reason nor your Fame
Can cure you of so Criminal a Flame,
I'll try if my Commands can make you do
What Fame and Reason cannot lead you to;
I here enjoy you, son, by every thing
Which binds you to your Father and your King,
This sinful Love without delay decline,
Which should your Horror cause as well as mine,
For if this Passion longer you pursue,
You'll lose your Fame, your King and Father too.

Exeunt King and Lord Latymer.

Prin. Two Ills he offers, one he bids me choose,
I must my Mistress or my Father Loose;
Why should he strive by Nature to remove
The highest bond of Nature that of Love?
Though Nat'ral 'tis t' Obey a Fathers call,
Yet to love her is much more Natural;
Since he would have me yield to Natures sway,
Where the most Rules there I should most Obey?

Dela. Since She, your King, your Father, and your Friend
Oppose your Love, give to your Love an End;
Any of them the Conquest ought to Win,
Then to Oppose all Four will prove a Sin.

Prin. Ah *Delaware*, the Sin were much more Great
Should I now cease to love *Plantagenet*,
Then I to kill my self I must needs consent
My Love and Life being of like extent.

Dela. Your Passion is Unjust while 'tis so Great,
You pay Loves Score with what is Natures debt;
If in your Love so prodigal you are,
With what, Sir, will you pay your Fathers Care?

Prin. Ah 'tis his Love for her, not care for me,
Which makes him treat me with such Cruelty;
Against all Rules of Justice he does go,
Making himself both Judge, and Party too;
If to Love her who wrong'd me be a Crime,
The self-same cause makes Love a Fault in him.

Dela.

Dela. More by a King and Father may be done
Then may be by a Subject, and a Son;
Let calmer Thoughts you to your Duty bring,
Pronounce the names of Father and of King
With that Respect which is to either due,
And yield to those Effects 'twill work in you,
Those Pow'rful Names will then Victorious be.

Prin. I find in either dwells Divinity,
For nothing less of Force enough could prove
To hinder me to speak to her I Love.

This is the very utmost I can do,
And this Heav'n knows will prove my Torment too.

Dela. Silence, Sir, is but half of what you owe,
You should suppress your Inclination too.

Prin. My Inclinations must be let alone,
For though 'tis Mine yet it is not my own.

Dela. Onely to Lovers this Distinction's known;
How can it, Sir, be yours, and not your own?

Prin. Subjects who from their King the Pow'r have got
Are still his Subjects though he Rules them not.

Oh Friend, in my Condition there appears
Two Motions like to those which Rule the Spheres;
My Love the Rapid Motion I may call,
My Duty to my King the Natural,
Which while it does it's Regular Course obey,
Loves Rapid Motion hurries it away.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Third Act.

THE FOURTH ACT.

*The Scene opening, King Edward and Lord Latymer appear
in a Garden discoursing.*

Lat. Sir, 'tis past doubt, the Intelligence is true.

King. What the French King the Princes Rival too!

Lat. And to so great a Height, as I believe
A period to their Friendship it will give;
For never any yet could soar above
The fierce Resentments of a Rivals Love.

King. Friendship between them two can hardly be
Of so much Strength as Nature is in me;
Since Love in me does Nature's Force subdue,
Doubt not in them 'twill Conquer Friendship too;

'Tis

'Tis the Prerogative of her Bright Eyes
For Love of them to breake all other Ties.

Lat. Is it then just you on the Prince should lay
Commands above his Pow'r, Sir, to obey?

King. Oh *Latymer*, I grant I am to Blame,
But 'tis not Love alone does me Inflame;
Glory in that I act does bear a part,
Glory does fire my Mind, as Love my Heart;
Nothing for me seems Worthy to Pursue,
But what my Son Attempting Fail'd to do:
Since he to such an Envied Fame does rise,
Mine will Burn dimme if it Outshine not his.

Lat. Oh Sir, can you who have such Glory won
Grow Jealous of the Glory of your Son.

King. He never Glory Lov'd who could Admit
Of any thing which might Outrival it,
From this Resolve nothing can me remove;
Nature must yield to Glory and to Love.

Enter King John and the Prince, who lock the Chamber-door.

Lat. Sir, I perceive the Prince and the French King,
Something Important does them hither bring,
For they are come alone and lock the gate;
If, Sir, conceal'd a while you here will wait,
Perhaps you'll learn what in their Loves they'll Do.

King. That's a discourse deserves my list'ning to.

*King Edward and Lord Latymer conceal
themselves behind the Scene.*

King Jo. 'Tis such a Secret as shall clearly show
The perfect Friendship which to you I owe,
Since what to tell my self is scarcely fit
I to your Secresie shall now commit.

Prin. Though nothing can to me more Pleasure give,
Then Proofs, Sir, of your Friendship to receive,
Yet among Friends there may such Secrets be,
As to disclose them were an Injury;
But you too well the Laws of Friendship know,
And are too Generous to use me so.

King Jo. That Friend must to himself appear Unjust
Who takes as Injuries the Marks of Trust;
Yet tell me, Sir, what can that Secret be
Which to Reveal would be an Injury.

Prin. Shoul'd you have brib'd your Guards to set you free,
'T would be an Injury to tell it me;
For I should be, what ever I should do,
False to my King and Father, or to you.

King Jo.

King Jo. Could I corrupt or else his Guards deceive,
I'de not return to *France* without his leave,
That Generous Usage he to me does show
Secures me here more then his Guards can do,
And though this Bond do Strong enough appear,
Yet a far stronger does Confine me here.
By your great Friendship, Sir, I here am ty'd.
But tell me freely, is there ought beside
Which by a Friend a Secret may be thought,
Which told a Friend, his Friend may think a Fault?

Prin. Yes, Sir, yet I will mention but one more;
Suppose two Friends one Beauty did Adore;
If he, whose Heart her eyes the last o're came, } *Looking fixedly*
Should to his Rival Friend disclose his Flame, } *on the King.*
He well might think the Injury was Great.

King. I hope you do not love *Plantagenet*?

Prin. Yes, Sir, I do, and with a Love so High
As it can never Cease until I Die.

King. Ah, Since you Love her and to that Degree,
Why was your Passion not Reveal'd to me?
Telling you first she does my Conquerour prove,
You make your Friendship Guiltier then my Love.

Prin. Why should I tell you what you needs must know,
For whosoever sees must love her too.

King. Since such high Pow'r does to her Eyes belong,
Think not in loving her I do you Wrong.

Prin. To love such Charming Eyes no wrong can be,
But 'tis a Wrong to tell your Love to me.

King. Since all who Look on her she must Subdue,
Is it a wrong to tell you what you knew?
Because you thought your Love was known to me,
You judg'd your Silence was no Injury;
But I, as soon as I her Lover grew,
Judg'd it a Duty, Sir, to Tell it you,
Consider which of us has done the worst.

Prin. I who first saw her must have lov'd her First,
Therefore my Passion must be known to you.

King. I hear'd you Lov'd Her, and she Lov'd You too,
But afterwards she did Inconstant prove,
And I believ'd that Wrong had Cur'd your Love.

Prin. Her Beauties were unworthy my Esteem,
If any thing more Powerful were then Them.

King. Knowing their Pow'rs, admire not if you see
That Love more strong then Friendship is in me.

Prin. Yet since I to her Beauties first did bow,
Your Love's a Wrong to me, not mine to you.

King Jo. Affronts the Ties of Friendship may undo,
Yet you still love her though she injur'd you,

You clearly have Declar'd in what you Did,
 That her Fair Eyes does Friendships strength exceed;
 And she who spight of Wrongs triumphs o're you
 Triumphs o're me in spight of Friendship too.
 Since she o're you the greatest Pow'r has shewn,
 Blaming my Passion you more blame your own;
 Our Love in both or neither is amiss,
 Yours above wrongs, mine above Friendship is.
 But the Success of mine I may dispair,
 Since now I know that you my Rival are;
 I with Disgrace am cloath'd, but you with Fame,
 Which makes me merit Pity more then Blame.

Prin. How can I, Sir, that Pity give to you,
 Which to my own Case is more justly due?
 Besides her change for which my Soul does mourn,
 Besides my Friend who does my Rival turn,
 As high an Ill as both of these I feel.

King. May you that Secret, Sir, to me Reveal?
 To me who though as Rival you may blame,
 Yet I your Friend more than your Rival am;
 For at this Name I Grieve, at that Rejoyce,
 This is th' Effect of Force, but that of Choice. [Embracing him.]

Prin. Oh I did err, and in a high degree,
 Repining that you Rival were to me,
 Since 'tis more fit that pain I should abide
 Then that her Eyes this Triumph were deny'd;
 As both in Love and Friendship I exceed,
 So both Disdain in common paths to tread,
 Unjust to Her and Love, I should appear,
 Would I without a Rival conquer her;

King. This Declaration I unmov'd receive,
 Since you to be your Rival give me leave,
 But to *Plantagenet* should prove unkind,
 Yet in my Friendship I some ease shall find;
 For should the worst of Fortunes be my share,
 Your Trophies I should raise in Love as War:
 Thus I by Friendships Pow'r shall be supply'd
 With what to me my Fate and Love deny'd;
 My Friendship for you nothing can impair
 Since it stands firm, though you my Rival are;
 For I who best her Beauties pow'r do know,
 Find your excuse from thence for being so;
 And to confirm this Truth, I now will show
 That Secret to you, which you ask'd to know.

Prin. Those conquering Beauties which did us subdue
 Have made my Father turn my Rival too.

King. I thought he Lov'd the Fair *Alizia*.

Prin. And, Sir, I thought you Lov'd *Valeria*.

King.

King. Our Conquerours Eyes must every Heart reduce,
In my own Fate I find the Kings Excuse.

Prince. 'Tis She alone with the high Pow'r is blest
Of Captivating Freedoms prepossess'd.

King. She does in the same Fate, such is her Pow'r,
Involve the Conquer'd and the Conquerour.

Prin. But 'tis not, Sir, at this that I repine,
I know where e're her Beauties please to shine,
They ought to Conquer as their Native Right,
Me by his Rivalship he does not Fright;

For 'tis Her choice alone which can improve
The highest Lover to deserve her Love:

And, Sir, my Flame which brightest shall appear,
Would make it Sin should I a Rival fear;

But that which does my Soul with Grief subdue,
Is his forbidding me to Love her too:

Oh why should the Paternal Right oppose
The nobler Right which Love on her bestows.

King. Oh Prince your Case is difficult I see,
He should have treated you, as you treat me;

But in the Fatal strait which you are in,
You must against your Love and Nature sin;

What Resolution think you to pursue?

Prin. Ah 'tis much easier to Resolve than Do;
For once I thought I could so far Obey,

As silently to Mourn my Life away;
But Love the Monarch Passion of the Soul

That Resolution quickly did controul;
Making me find that her Triumphant Eyes

Are much more pow'rful then all Natures ties:
Yet that no odds of you I may receive

But what my greater Love to me does give,
I let you know on her this night 'Ile wait,

And from her Sentence I'll receive my Fate:
Sir, if you please, you may there go with me,

And both together learn our Destiny;
I hope, if mine does prove a happy Doom,

My Father by Submission to o'recome;
But if a Fatal Doom she does dispence,

That will Revenge my Disobedience.

King. Since you allow me, I on you will wait
Of that bright Beauty to receive my Fate,

Though I already cannot but foresee
The certain Ruine that must fall on me:

For she must be Unjust as she is Fair,
If of her Love she makes me not Dispair;

Or if she should me with her Favour bless,
Your Grief for it will Kill my Happiness;

Fate neither way to me, nor hope allow.

Prin. The value of her Love you injure now,
Since whosoe're her Favour does possess
In part, the relish of unhappiness —

King If of her Love such Thoughts I do admit,
My height'ned Friendship is the cause of it;
And, Sir, you are oblig'd by Honours Laws
T' excuse Effects where Friendship is the Cause.

Prin. Admire not that my Rival I reprove,
For too much Friendship, and too little Love;
But pardon me, since I therein express
I prize her Right above my Happiness.

King. Ah generous Prince, such Vertues shine in you,
That you in Love as War must all subdue.

Prin. Since, Sir, together we resolve to go,
And from *Plantagenet* our Fate to know,
'Tis fit that we no longer should defer
To beg her leave this night to wait on her.

King. But e're we know the Sentence she will give,
Let us from one another, Sir, receive
A mutual Vow that still we Friends will be.

Prin. That to our Friendship were an injury;
It is its own Security you know,
And does more strongly bind than any Vow;
Against our Friendship Love in vain contends,
For though we Rivals are, wee'll both be Friends;
Yet give your Friend that pity he does seek,
Who to obey Loves Law must Natures break.

[*Exeunt.*]

King Edward and Lord Latymer.

King. Never an Act so Insolent was done,
Affronted by my Pris'ner and my Son!
Both know *Plantagenet* is lov'd by me,
And yet my Rivals both presume to be;
In my Revenging it I'll lose no Time,
Their Sufferings shall be equal to their Crime;
I'll make them feel that 'tis a dangerous thing
To dare to court the Mistress of a King.

Lat. I beg you, not for their sakes but your own,
Let first this storm of Anger be o'reblown,
'Ere you determine what is fit to do,
Then such Resolves you safely may pursue.
If Patience guide you not, they will esteem,
Your Passion onely, Sir, does punish them.

King. Delay, in the Affront they cast on me,
Would be not Patience, but Stupidity.

Lat.

Lat. Consider, I beseech you, Sir, how they
The Pow'r of Love not Reasons Pow'r obey.
Such strange Effects that Passion does produce,
As for all faults Love is its own Excuse;
Love does our Noblest Faculties controul,
'Tis in effect the Feaver of the Soul.

King. My Lord, such talk as this I'll not admit,
Share not their Guilt by thus excusing it,
But follow them and let them understand
They now are both confin'd by my command:
This night in which their Love they should have shown,
I am determin'd to declare my own;
Since by their Love my Pow'r they injure so,
I by my Pow'r their Love will punish too.

[*Exeunt several wayes.*]

Plantagenet, Delaware, Cleorin.

The Scene Plantagenets Chamber.

Dela. Those Fires of Love have still most torturing been,
Which though they highly Burn'd, have Burn'd unseen,
And under those which I discover'd now,
For many years my Conquer'd Heart did bow;
Admire not yet I could so long disguise
From your own Sight the Acting of your Eyes;
For though the Sun on the Earths face but shines,
Yet by his Influence he does ripen Mines;
Your Eyes, which Shine at least as Bright as He,
Perform like him things which you could not see,
But yet this Breast in which your Beauty Shin'd
May boast of Love, purer than Gold Refin'd;
Your Eyes alone perform within my Heart
More then the Sun on Mines though help'd by Art.
As it was just my Love I should display,
So 'tis as just your Will I should Obey;
Which I shall do when you but speak the word,
Though 'twere to pierce my Heart with my own Sword,
And nothing in that Action I shall fear
But to offend your Image which is there.

Plan. My Lord, I think you from your Sister know
The Friendship which I always had for you,
Yet since your words th' occasion does admit,
I will my self give you a Proof of it:
Though your declaring of your Love for me
Is in it self no little Injury,
Yet for my Friendships sake I'll pardon you,
If you th' Offence will not again pursue.

L

Dela.

Dela. Madam, your Justice should this Usage blame,
 You cloud your Cruelty with Friendships name,
 As Judges to the Tortur'd Respite give,
 To lengthen Pain, but not to make them live;
 Such Usage yet were for that Servant fit
 Who durst Adore you and not tell you it,
 Though 'tis some Guilt to say I Die for you,
 Yet is that Guilt, Madam, a Duty too:
 Ah Madam, sure you ought not to deny
 To take the Debt, or bid the Debter die;
 You Sentence is too Heavy or too Light,
 You either should me Kill, or Save me quite.

Plan. Since by your self, my Lord, I now am told,
 Your Love for me is more refin'd than Gold,
 I'll put it to a Tryal but so vast,
 As never yet that Courted Metal past;
 Know then, my Love for which so much you strive
 Is not, alas, in my own Pow'r to give:
 The Prince of Wales.

Dela. In Pity say no more,
 Fate never had a Curse like this in store,
 Rais'd to the Charming'st Hope of all the World,
 Into Despair I now from thence am hurl'd,
 You keep that Word to which your self you ty'd,
 And Try me more then ever Gold was Try'd;
 That Glittering Earth, when it has pass'd the Fire,
 Is the Refiners Wonder and Desire;
 But I, having Loves Fiery Tryal past,
 Like the Neglected Dross away am cast.

Cleo. Oh Brother, had not Love your Mind deprav'd,
 You'd think you were not Cast away but Sav'd;
 The Crime you act she calmly does reform.

Dela. Ah! such a Calm is worse than any Storm.

Cleo. How can the Princess more obliging prove,
 Than to give Friendship, when she cannot Love.

Dela. Oh Sister, he who to her Love aspires,
 To nothing less can limit his Desires;
 Loves Pow'r must always Friendships pow'r outdo,
 For Love at once is Love and Friendship too.

Cleo. You should with Joy what she bestows receive,
 She Gives in Friendship all she has to Give,
 And to convince you, hers is Great and True,
 She the first hour her Secrets Trusts with you.

Dela. Since to Receive my Love she does deny,
 She by her Anger ought to make me Die;
 That's the best Proof of Friendship she can give,
 And therefore that alone I can receive.

He for her Love does grant himself unfit
Who can be won t' outlive the loss of it.

Plan. What I have yet perform'd can but pretend
To let you see how much I am your Friend.
But that, my Lord, which now I do Design
Shall let you see how much I think you mine ;
For by your Council and Assistance too,
The life of all my Hopes I will pursue.
Admire not Shame thus in my Face prevails,
When I confess I love the Prince of *Wales* ;
For though th' Affront which I from you receiv'd
Does make me blush that after it I liv'd,
Yet I, whether by Weakness or by Fate,
Still Love that Prince whom I ought most to Hate ;
And how that Love with Honour to pursue,
Is that in which I ask advice of you ; ——— *Dela. starts.*
For he esteems you in such high Degree,
As you the fittest are to give it me.

Dela. Oh Fate ! Oh Love ! why do you both agree,
To give such Beauty so much Cruelty ?
Is't not enough my Flame is scorn'd by you,
But you would make me help my Rival too ?
And my Resentments higher to Inflame,
These Wrongs you do me under Friendships name ;
Madam, if this, if this your Friendship be,
Ah give me Proofs then of your Cruelty ;
Either bestow on me your Love or Hate
This Tyranny surpasses that of Fate ;
Fate onely made me Wretched, but 'tis you
Alas would have me make my self so too.
To Love you is a Confidence so high,
As I for it do not refuse to Die :
But do not let your Doom be so severe
As thus to make me my own Murtherer ;
From those Fair Eyes which did my Love create
I beg I may alone receive my Fate.

Plan. Oh why should you be griev'd to this Degree ?
Love, which does govern you, does govern me ;
'Tis Love gives Laws to us, not we to it,
And to his boundless Pow'r we must submit ;
Since by its Influence of my Love you miss,
I give you that which of next Value is,
And hope by Friendships Kindness to remove
Your Grief for wanting Pow'r to give you Love.

Dela. Ah Madam, How can you that Friendship prize
Which could destroy the Conquest of your Eyes ?
And would against its nature make it prove
A Rivals help, and Murtherer of Love.

'Tis past the Pow'r of Friendship to bestow
 Such Joyes as those 'twould ravish from me now,
 Yet think not strange that I deny to you
 What I deny'd my Prince and General too ;
 For your Triumphant Eyes, since his return,
 Have made his Fire once quench'd more freely Burn ;
 This Fatal Secret he to me confess'd,
 And unbey'd made me the like request ;
 But yet your Cruelty does his Surpass,
 He did not know that I his Rival was ;
 But you who knew it strive to make me do
 What known to him Love had not forc'd him to ;
 Fortune both ways my Torments does advance,
 By Friendships Knowledge and its Ignorance.

Plan. Ah ! that Blest Secret which I learn from you
 Makes me with Greater Hopes my suit renew ;
 For 'twere below your Vertue to undo
 At once, my Lord, a Friend and Mistress too.
 Sure to that man Loves Pow'r was never known
 Who valu'd others Joyes above his own.
 Consider, since I lov'd him while I thought
 That his Inconstancy did cause his Fault,
 If any other Love my Breast can fill,
 When from your self I find he loves me still :
 Since 'tis my Fate onely the Prince to Love,
 Since therefore all your Hopes must fruitless prove,
 Assist your Prince and Mistress in distress,
 And help that Love which nothing can suppress ;
 Quenching by such a Gen'rous Act your Flame,
 From your Misfortune you'll increase your Fame.
 Retire, my Lord, and think on what I said,
 I know, when Love does once the Heart invade,
 So Pow'rfull is that Passions Influence,
 As 'tis not easily remov'd from thence,
 But when alone you weigh what's ask'd by me,
 Reason and Honour must Victorious be.

Dela. Oh Madam, though the Trouble be not light
 Of being thus commanded from your Sight,
 Yet that torments me in a less Degree
 Then those Desires which here you lay on me :
 Yet e're I go this Sacred Voyce receive ;
 I to Obey you, Madam, will so Strive,
 As, If I can, my Flame I will suppress,
 And on my Ruine raise my Happinels ;
 But if I quench not Fires which you create,
 Accept the Duty, and deplore the Fate. [Exit Delaware.

Plan. Go, my dear *Cleorin*, and lose no time,
 Improve th' Impression I have made on him,

For that Blest Secret he reveal'd to me
Shews that on him depends my Destiny.

[*Exeunt several wayes.*]

Enter Guesclin hastily who meets Delaware.

Guesc. My Lord, I have been seeking you with News
Which will at once Horror and Grief infuse,
My King and your Great Prince are both confin'd.

Dela. From what Black Coast blows this Tempestuous Wind?

Guesc. By the Lord *Latymer* I understand,
They are imprison'd by your Kings command.

Dela. The cause of it did he not let you know?

Guesc. 'Tis what he could not, or else would not do;
Let us by sev'ral ways imploy our care,
First to discover why they Prisoners are,
That known, we may more hopefully apply
To this Misfortune a quick Remedy.

Dela. Let's hasten to this Work, for 'twere a Crime
In serving them to lose one moments time.

[*Exeunt several wayes.*]

The SCENE is Plantagenets Bed-Chamber.

Plantagenet and Valeria's Brother sitting, and in Discourse.

Val. Bro. Th' Assurance, Madam, which to me you give
With Joyes above expression I receive;
'Tis you alone those Blessings can extend
Which both my Merit and my Hopes transcend.

Plan. You in such moving words your Love have shown,
As I in Justice could not less have done;
Some Time and Industry it will require
Fairly to reach that End which we desire,
But leave it to my care if you think fit.

Val. Bro. She who must make my Fate should govern it;
While 'tis in such fair hands it is secure.

[*Enter a Lady
hastily.*]

Lady. Madam, the King is almost at the door.
They both rise up hastily.

Plan. The King, Oh strange Misfortune, and so near!

Val. Bro. What would he think if he should see me here?
'Twill ruin all which we design'd to do.

Lady. The King does come the way which he should go.

[*Exit Lady hastily.*]

M

Plan.

Plan. By what dire Planet is he hither led?
I hear him, hide your self within my Bed. A noise
within

*Valeria's Brother hides himself in Plantagenet's Bed;
She goes to meet the King.*

Enter the King.

King. Since I enjoy'd at last this long'd for time,
I hope you will not think it is a Crime?
Madam, If I employ it now to say,
An Adoration to your Eyes I pay:
An Adoration Words would ill express,
For could I tell its Greatness, 'twould be less;
So high a Passion ne're was paid before.
And yet I blush, Madam, that 'tis no more.

Plan. Do you consider, Sir, what now you say,
Such Vows you should but to *Alizia* pay;
Sir, you mistake, to her alone they'r meant.

King. Ah say not I mistake when I repent;
You may believe what I now say is true,
Since of most Love I speak, and speak to you;
To you who have given mine such perfect strength,
As 'tis incapable of more but length;
That Falshood might Truths piercing sight escape,
It slowly moves, and in a borrow'd shape;
But Truth which onely fears to be unknown,
Moves speedily, and no disguise puts on.

Plan. 'Tis strange this Love should grow so great so soon.

King. The Dawning of it was a perfect Noon;
For what such Eyes, Madam, as yours create
Must reach Perfection in their first Estate:
Yet since I did *Alizia* first Adore,
I grant I merit this neglect and more;
But you the name of Tyrannous will win
Revenging a Misfortune as a Sin;
This usage too will an Injustice be,
You Wrong your Eyes while thus you Punish me.

Plan. Were there nought else 'Ide not be false to her.

King. Beauty should still a Conquest most prefer.

Plan. They Tyrants are who to usurp delight.

King. Who has most Beauty has in Love most right.

Plan. You wrong your Mistress while my Love you seek,
And I my Friend in hearing what you speak.

King. To Love another after you are seen,
A greater wrong, Madam, in me had been;
I fully know the great debt which is due,
To your fair Eyes and to your Vertues too;

And

And it had been below them to have gain'd
 A Heart in which no Beauty e're has reign'd;
 But mine before had yielded to the Pow'rs
 Of conquering Charms which none excel but yours:
 What greater merit can my Passion shew,
 Then thus to leave *Alizia* to love you,
 This of its vastness is a proof sublime.

Plan. Ah what you call your Merit is your Crime,
 Since perfect Love in Justice must excel,
 Falshood and her together cannot dwell.

King. That perfect Love is just I grant is true,
 And I prove mine is Just in Loving you.
 Your Eyes which act the Change you so abhor,
 Are my security I'll change no more;
 Since to the highest Beauty I pretend,
 Blame not if by Degrees I reach that end;
 And as my Love that blessing does pursue,
 So now I find it onely shines in you.

Enter Alizia and Sevina.

Aliz. This Duty daily must be paid by me,
 And though 'tis late —————

She starts back amaz'd seeing the King.

Oh Heaven! what is't I see?
 Ah! would these Eyes, rather than see this Sight,
 Had been clos'd up by an eternal night.

King. What is it, Madam, which you thus bemoan?

Aliz. Can you ask that since you two are alone,
 And at an hour, so Guilty as it shoves
 The Falseness of her Friendship and your Vows!
 To me this Sight so vast a Grief does give,
 As makes me wish rather to Die than Live.

King. And, Madam, 'tis some cause of Grief in me
 To find in you so strange a Jealousie.

Aliz. If you who do the Wrong, Sir, can admit
 Of Grief; What then must I that Suffer it?
 But, Sir, your cause of Grief shall be remov'd,
 My Death shall shew you soon how well I lov'd:

[*To Plan.*] Go treacherous Woman, False as thou art Fair,
 Those Hopes you rais'd on your wrong'd Friends Despair
 Shall soon be blasted, for my injur'd Ghost
 Shall still pursue you for those Joyes I lost;
 Where e're you go, revenge it shall invoke,
 And shew you still that Heart your Falshood broke:
 You still shall see it or shall hear it groan,
 And it shall haunt you in his Bed and Throne.

[She offers to go out.]

Plan.

Plan. Oh go not yet away.

Sev. At least be pleas'd to hear what she can say.

Aliz. Whatever she can tell I do dispise,
I'll not believe her Words above mine Eyes;
And I have seen so much, as I now fly
To seek out Death my onely Remedy.

Exeunt Alizia and Sevina.

Plan. So well her height'ned Spirit, Sir, I know,
As what she Threatens she too soon will do;
If by your instant Kindness or my Care
We do not stop th' Effects of her Dispair,
Forgive me if I leave you to attend
The Debts I owe to a Dispairing Friend.

The King stays her.

King. Oh leave not your Adorer to pursue
One who does hate you, and usurp'd your due;
If to receive my Passion you decline,
Even her Dispair will be less great then mine.

Plan. Detain me not, She'll die through our delay.

King. And I shall die should you thus go away.

Plan. She needs my help.

King. But does not it implore.

Plan. Her Case deserves it.

King. Mine deserves it more.

Plan. Her Grief does wound me.

King. So my Love should do.

Plan. Your Love's her debt.

King. 'Tis onely due to you.

A great skreik within.

Plan. That Fatal Skreik must cut off our debate,
For my best speed I fear will come too late.

She breaks from the King, and goes out hastily.

King. She's gone and left me in a deeper Grief
Then her's to whom she flies to give Relief;
She does her Hatred to my Love prefer,
To me she's Cruel, but she's Kind to her:
'Tis Fortune onely or resistless Fate
Which governs all the World in Love and Hate.

*The King stands musing a while: Valeria's Brother thinking him
gone, comes from behind the Bed; The King lifts up his eyes,
sees him, and starts back; Valeria's Brother runs into the Bed
again.*

King. A Man, and here, and at this time of night,
How quickly did He vanish from my sight?

Does

Does she a Visitant like this admit,
Though my bad Angel 'twere I'll speak to it.

*The King draws his Sword, and goes
towards the Bed.*

Who art thou? and what is it brought thee here?

*The King plucks Valeria's Brother out of the
Bed, who trembles, but answers not.*

His Tongue is ty'd by Guiltiness or Fear;
Prepare for Death, or else resolve my Doubt;
He's silent still, what Ho, who waits without?

Enter two Courtiers running.

Since my Commands thy silence cannot break,
I'll find out Tortures which shall make thee speak.
Seize on this Mute, and with him follow me.

They seize on Valeria's Brother.

Why should the Thrones of Kings so envy'd be,
When such strange Grievs assault me in one hour,
As make my Sorrows greater than my Pow'r.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth Act.

THE FIFTH ACT.

Enter King Edward and Lord Latymer.

King. I Have in short told you my cause of Grief,
Which is as Just as 'tis above Relief.

Ah! to forsake one in whose heart I Reign'd,
To Court another who my Flames disdain'd,
And such a Lovely Youth thus hid by her,
Are loads too heavy for my Soul to bear.

Lat. Though, Sir, the Fair *Plantagenet* may be
Too justly blam'd for one Inconstancy,
Yet in all else her Vertue such hath been,
As to suspect it, Sir, would turn a Sin.

King. Oh she, who could for *Kent* my Son forgo,
What is it after, which she might not do?
She must have given that Love for which she prest,
Were not her Heart by other Fires possess'd;
I'll not defame her since she bears my name,
But she for ever has suppress'd my Flame.

Enter Sevina hastily.

Sev. If with your Love, Sir, for *Alizia*
You have not thrown your Pity too away,

Be pleas'd to see where She Despairing lies,
And with your Hand vouchsafe to close her Eyes.

King. Madam, what is't which her Dispair does move.

Sev. Oh ask not that when she has lost your Loves
She did a while that Misery suspect,
But when the certainty she did detect,
She had, but that our strength was her Relief,
By one dire blow ended her Life and Grief;
When from her Hand the Weapon we did wrest,
Such storms of Sighs did crow'd out of her Brest,
And from her Eyes such streams of Tears did flow,
As we repented that we stop'd the blow;
For sure the loss of Life is a less Ill
Than that Despair which does possess her still.
But though we did one sort of Death prevent,
Yet she on dying, Sir, is so intent,
As from *Plantagenet* I now am come,
Who dares not, Sir, one moment leave the room,
To tell you that th' Assurance of your Love
Can onely these resolves of Death remove;
Despair alas so pow'rful is in her,
'Twill be too late should you the Cure defer.

King. Ah lead me then where my *Alizia* lies,
For in her Sorrow I so Sympathize,
As I alas without disguise may swear,
Her grief wounds Me much more than it does Her.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Delaware and Cleorin.

Cleo. 'Tis a strange Secret which you have reveal'd,
But why alas was it so long conceal'd?
Repair that Fatal Sin you did commit,
And fly to tell your Prince and Mistress it.

Dela. As all those Sins which for a Crown are done
Heaven does absolve, when Heaven does put it on;
So all those Crimes which are perform'd in Love
Do lose that name when we successless prove.

Cleo. But since of yours you cannot hope Relief,
Do not delay to cure your Prince's Grief.

Dela. Ah my dear Sister, if my hopes were fled,
You soon should see your wretched Brother dead;
But who in Love does as a Lover strive,
Lives while he Hopes, and Hopes while he does Live.

Cleo. Ah! to such empty Hopes impose an end,
By making Blest your Mistress, Prince and Friend;
So losing of your Hopes, you soon will see
A greater blessing then your Hopes can be:

Has

Has Love the Pow'r to sink the Soul so low,
As to deny what Vertue bids you do?
What Nobler Fate can Love give to your pain,
Then to deserve that Love you cannot gain.

Dela. Should I this Secret to them both confess,
'Twill rather raise then make their Troubles less,
While under their Delusion they remain,
Their just resentment robs them of their Pain;
But were that happy Fallacy remov'd,
She with such Passion by the King is lov'd,
As they can ne're possess what I shall lose,
And 'twill in them a lesser Grief infuse,
Never a hope of Union to admit,
Then be so near, and after miss of it:
Besides the Kingdom may be plung'd in War
When such a Son and Father Rivals are.

Cleo. Ah! you should blush to talk at such a rate,
Make not your Crime an interest of State;
Better that War you dream'd of should ensue,
Then you should shun what Honour bids you do:
Oh 'tis in you too Guilty a Distrust,
When you fear ought more then to be Unjust;
Consider should the Prince or she e're know
That Secret you to me discover now.

Dela. I fear not that 'tis, onely known to you.

Cleo. Yes but it is.

Dela. ————— to whom?

Cleo. ————— You know it too.

Ah! little Honour in your Soul does shine,
Should not your Knowledge fright you more then mine;
To what low State Love does a Lover bring,
Is your own witness then so flight a thing?
Let Vertue and not Fear make you repent,
Guilt is a greater Ill than Punishment;
Have you not found what I have said is true? *[Studies a while.]*

Dela. My Passion strives my Vertue to subdue,
Pity your Brother whom Love Masters so,
As he does fear what Honour bids him do;
Pity your self, for it is you alone
This hopeless guilty Passion must Dethrone.

Cleo. To conquer Love there needs but little skill,
Since none can want the Pow'r who has the Will.

Dela. There's none does want the Pow'r his Hopes to kill,
But to Destroy them who can have the Will?

Cleo. Your Care were finish'd were it but begun,

Dela. Ah this is easier said then it is done:
Yet I from you this double good have got,
To know my Debt, and grieve I pay it not.

Cleo.

Cleo. Who grieves he does not what he can and ought,
Is guilty of his Torment as his Fault.

Dela. Ah! you did never yet the Torment prove,
Which springs from Honour that disputes with Love.

Cleo. The Torment lies in the Dispute alone,
Let Honour Conquer, and the Torment's gone.

Dela. But Love assumes o're me so strange a right,
As 'tis at once my Torment and Delight.

Cleo. You'll find, if Vertues Dictates you pursue,
Greater Delights exempt from Torments too;
For though successless Love be no small pain,
Yet Guilt in Love wounds deeper than Disdain.

Dela. Oh *Cleorin*! that which you have now said,
Has in my Soul such an Impression made,
As I perceive Love made me too long stay,
And Honour now would lead me in the way;
To that bright Guide I am inclin'd to Trust,
I'll rather be Unhappy than Unjust.

Cleo. Such Charms in following Vertue you will find.

Dela. Ah! should you press me more you'd be unkind.
Do not all Honour of my change ingross?
Leave me part of it to support my Loss.

Cleo. 'Tis not to Vertue that you now resort,
If it wants strength its own self to support;
'Tis onely Sin not suffering that it fears,
It grows the stronger the more weight it bears.

Dela. I know in all it's own support 'twill prove,
Unless in quitting such a Charming Love;
Then think it is my Wisdom, not my Fault,
If I seek every help in this Assault.
Sister, Farewell, I will retire a while,
That I may Love and Vertue reconcile;
Consider well what such a Love must be,
As with your Vertue dares to disagree.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

The Scene opens.

*Alizia appears lying on a Couch, King Edward, Plantagenet,
Latymer, Sevina, and Women Attendants standing
about the Couch.*

Aliz. Ah, 'tis enough to Die, Sir, by your Hate!
Too much, your Triumph thus to Celebrate;
Yet I repine not, since you come to see
That your Contentment is so dear to me:
As when I found my Life oppos'd your Love,
I chose by Death that trouble to remove;

And

And I implore your Pardon since the debt
Is onely paying and not pay'd you yet.
But, Sir, my Rival can declare for me,
'Tis not my Fault, though it my Trouble be;
For she, her Cruelty is grown so high,
Makes Death my wish, yet hinders me to die.

King. Oh I am come to wait upon you now,
That I may be both Just to her and you;
I must confesse, that her Inchanting Eyes
Did for a while my Guilty Heart Surprise;
But what I now shall tell you is as true,
Madam, 'twas I, not she, was false to you;
Her Friendship for you did the Conquest get,
I did Assault, but could not vanquish it.
Do not believe that what is spoke by me
Is onely to suppress your Jealousie,
That I thereby the safer Pow'r may win
To persevere in and repeat my Sin;
Oh no, that Love and Grief which you have shown
Has all the Magick of her Eyes o'rethrown:
On Fancies Wings I my past flight did take,
But 'tis on Tryals Wings that I fly back.

Aliz. Alas! if Words could cure a broken Heart,
Those you've now spoke would have that Pow'r or Art;
They come too late, they should have come before,
Life you can take away, but not restore:
But, Sir, the loss of mine my joy shall be,
If in my Death my matchless Love you see;
For, Sir, to you I'm more concern'd to give
Proofs of such Love then I'm concern'd to Live,
Which justly you might doubt, if after I
Did know I lost your Love I should not die.

King. Ah the best Proof you of your Love can give,
Is that you'l Pardon me, and that you'l Live;
Has my first Crime made me so black in Sin,
As my Repen'ance no Relief can win:
Do not believe I did the Sin commit,
Or else believe my Penitence for it.
Let not one Fault which is already past,
Have greater force then Love which still shall last;
Ah! sure you could not thus your Death pursue,
If you believ'd what I have Vow'd is true;
But all those Doubts intirely to o'rethrow,
My Lord I charge you instantly to go———
And let at once King *John* and my Son free
Who were the Pris'ners of my Jealousie.

Lat. 'Tis a Command I joyfully obey.

King. I Charge you do it and without delay.

[Exit Latymer.

That King Madam, may safely court you now, [*To Plantagenet*
 For I beseech you and *Alizia* vow,
 My flame for you shall ne're revive againe,
 And my *Alizia* onely here shall Reign.

Plan. In what, Sir, you have said and vow'd, I find,
 To me you'r Iust, and to *Alizia* Kind.
 Nor can your Solemn sacred Vow, Sir, be
 More pleasing to my Friend, then 'tis to me.
 I hope that name, Madam, I may resume,
 And safely keep it for the time to come.

Aliz. Heaven knows my Sorrows never were more high,
 Then when I thought that you had layd it by;
 And yet my Ioy that you forgive my Sin,
 Is no less vast as e're my Grievs have been;
 Twice now your Friendship you to me restore,
 May you refuse it, if I need it more.

Plan. No fear of losing yours I can admit,
 Since I will ne're do that may forfeit it.
 Madam, 'tis fit I leave you with the King,
 That he your Cure may to perfection bring.

(*Exit Plantagenet.*)

King. Ah Madam, why in her, should Friendship be
 Of greater pow'r, then Love or Grief for me.
 Since Friendship her Resentments does subdue,
 Let Love for me as Pow'rful be with you;

Madam, to you my Heart this Suit prefers,
 Which needs your Pardon more then you did hers;
 To this sad State your King alas is brought.

Aliz. Sir, I forgave you when you saw your Fault,
 And I repine not at my Lingring Death
 Which lets me Seale it with my Dying Breath:
 No Proof of Love could ever be more high,
 Then to forgive th' offence which makes one Dye.

King. If you forgive me, yet your Death pursue,
 You will at once Forgive and Kill me too:
 Loves Pow'r you wrong while at this rate you grieve,
 For Love should heal worse Wounds, then it can give.

Aliz. I can alas, Sir, but too truly say
 'Tis only Love which makes me disobey,
 For I should not deserve the Love you give,
 If after you recall'd it I could Live.

King. And I of Life should too unworthy be,
 If I could Live after you Dy'd for me.
 Your Love for me by Living must be shown,
 For you to save my Life must keep your own,
 And if my Words you give no credit to,
 What I have Vow'd my Grief will make me Doe.

Aliz.

Aliz. Ah then all thoughts of Dying I'll decline,
Since you have vow'd your Life depends on mine,
But if again to her your Love you give,
My just Despair will be above Reprieve.

King. Oh Madam, you will wound my Soule again,
If such a fatal Doubt you entertain;
My Grief for the great Crime I did commit,
Will still preserve me from repeating it;
By all those Vows which bind me most I swear
I'll still love you and never more love her.

The Scene closes

The SCENE is Plantagenets Chamber.

Plantagenet, the Prince, Cleorin and Delaware.

Plan. **O**H what has been reveal'd by *Delaware*
His Freindship shoves, but heightens my Despair,
It makes me Guilty, Sir, to such Degree
As you'd be Guilty shou'd you pardon me,
The Knowledg of my Fault so wounds my Mind,
As only I in Death my Ease can find.

Prince. Alas your Grief more cruel is to me,
Then, Madam, your suppos'd Inconstancy;
For to such Height my Ardent love is grown,
As your Greif wounds me more then does my owne;
You'll punish, by a Sorrow so Sublime,
My Innocence more then you did my Crime:
But though the Word of Innocence I nam'd,
Yet only I can be with Iustice blam'd,
For had I not that Fatal Letter writ——

Plan. Oh, Sir, I cannot such Discourse admit,
For while requests I for your Pardon make,
Alas, my Guilt you on your self would take,
When all the Guilt to me alone is due,
Who did believe a Letter more then you.

Prin. Alas, have you Design'd to let me see,
That every way you mean to ruine me?
For while you did suspect my Innocence,
You to my Rival did your love Dispencc:
Ah Madam, now that Heaven has thought it fit,
To make it evident, you punish it;
For by these pretious Teares, which now you spill,
You make me wish, I were thought Guilty still.

Plan. Oh Sir, what does your Innocency prove,
Makes me too Guilty to deserve your Love.

Prin. Ah be not cruel to this strange degree,
Let not my Innocence my Ruin be.

No Reparation could be reckon'd more,
 Then what the injur'd person does employ;
 But you will make, if this be your intent,
 Your Reparation my worst Punishment,
 A Punishment so cruel, and so high,
 As it transcends the imagin'd Injury:
 Yet if you think, that you amiss have done,
 Let me then name the Reparation.
 'Tis Madam, that you'll never think so more,
 But give me leave your Beauties to Adore.

Plan. Heaven, Sir, does know, and so does *Cleorin*,
 That while I thought you guilty of that Sin;
 Which only my Misfortune made me do,
 I Lov'd you Sir, and Lov'd none else but you.

Prin. And Heaven does know and so does *Delaware*,
 That while I thought you Guilty as you're Fair
 I did not you but my ill Fortune blame,
 And still preserv'd for you a deathless Flame.

To Delaware, My Lord, to her and me, this Justice do,
 As to oppose me, if I speak not true.

Dela. Sir, you for her did still such Love express,
 As Heaven knows too, I griev'd it was not less.

Prin. Ah if you give belief, to what we say,
 Doe not refuse the perfect Love I pay.

Plan. Alas, a greater Sin I should commit,
 Then that I mourn for, by accepting it,
 But all the world will know that I repent,
 When on my self I lay this Punishment,
 Which, Sir, by Justice dictates I have chose,
 Since 'tis the highest which I can impose.
 Your Glory, Sir, would wither if not dye,
 Should you Love one so guilty, Sir, as I.
 The penance I design'd let me pursue;
 'Tis what, Sir, on my knees I beg of you.

*{ She offers to kneel but is
 hindred by the Prince.*

Prin. Ah doe not doubly thus my Soul subdue,
 By such denyals, and submission too;
 But to my Suit be pleas'd to condescend,
 Or else my Grief my tortur'd Life shall end.

Dela. Such were the Arts us'd by the Earl of Kent,
 As both seem'd Guilty, yet were Innocent.

Cleo. Madam, while you such scrupulous Vertue show,
 The Prince may of your Love suspicious grow;
 That moveing sorrow, which he does express,
 Invites your kindness now to make it cease.

Plan. Sooner then you such Grief, Sir, shall admit,
 I will obey, what ever you think fit;

I rather, Sir, will an Injustice doe
To my own self, then seem unkind to you.

Prin. Ah Madam, in those happy words I find,
You are to me at once both Just, and Kind;
No Satisfaction e're was hop'd by me,
But that you might that Innocency see
Which *Delaware's* great Friendship made appear,
Who is thereby for ever settled here,
Where Madam next to you he still shall grow.

Dela. Ah could a Prince ought to his Subject owe;
I might then think, to me you are in debt.

Prin. To me your Friendship has bin always great,
Yet I must Tax it of a seeming wrong,
Since this blest Secret, you conceal'd so long.

Cleo. What Justice does this seeming wrong excuse,
Shall, Sir, present you with more welcome news;
While your great Father was in Love with her,
He as a Subject, Sir, had cause to fear
A Secret so important to declare,
As might perhaps have caus'd a Civill War.
But, Sir, now that the King has this blest day
Resum'd his Love for fair *Alizia*,
And has by Vowes, which oft he did repeat,
Renounc'd his Passion for *Plantagenet*,
Which from her self, this very hour we know,
My Brother lost no time, to tell it you.

Prin. These charming Words which now from you I hear,
His Justice shews, and ends my greatest Fear;
Nothing from Heaven was left me to implore,
But that my Father Rivall'd me no more.

Cleo. What fitter time can Fortune give to you,
Then thus your Ends in Love still to pursue;
Lose not one Moment of it, for perhaps
Those Conquering Eyes may make him soon relaps.

Prin. What you advise your care of me does show,
Forgive me, Madam, If I leave you now;
Since 'tis so vast a Blessing to implore,
As granted I shall never leave you more.

Plan. That Grant the noblest Blessing, Sir, would be,
Could it make you as happy as 'twill me.

[The Prince offers to goe out.]

Dela. Stay Sir, I scorn your Goodness to abuse,
Or own your Pardon, to her Feign'd Excuse;
Fear made me not the Secret, Sir, conceal,
Nor the King's Change the Secret now reveal;
For those were Motives of such mean degree,
As, Sir, I blush that they were nam'd for me;
Those Reasons, Sir, of which shee did make use,

Obtain'd but did not Merit your Excuse;
My guilty Doubts, a while have kept me Dumb,
But Love and Honour have those doubts overcome.

Plan. My *Cleorin*, what will your Brother doe,

Cleo. I am as ignorant of it as you.

Dela. Now all the Truth shall be to you reveal'd,
For 'tis too Glorious, Sir, to be conceal'd.

Know, Sir, those Beauties which did conquer you,
Became, while Kent did live, my Conquerors too.

At *Poitiers* they did me to Glory bring,

And made me grace your Triumph with a King;

And though some Honour I acquir'd that day,

Yet, Sir, that prosperous Action I may say

Did on no score to me so welcome prove,

As making me more fit to Court her Love;

Rais'd by this thought for *England*, Sir, I came,

Where soon her Beauties did revive your Flame,

And Fortune against me was so much bent,

As you your Rival made your Confident;

And by a Cruelty unknown to you,

You in your Love my help Commanded too.

Prin. I am amaz'd, my Lord, at what you say.

Dela. Though that Command I wanted pow'r to Obey,
Yet Heaven my witness is how much I strove,

To make my Duty overcome my Love;

But when I found, by what I did endure,

That she alone, the Wounds she gave could cure;

I meant the Secret never to disclose;

And when your Father did your Flame oppose,

I try'd your Love by reason to subdue,

But that attempt, Sir, proving fruitless too,

Inspir'd by Love or guided by Despair,

I to her self my Passion did declare.

Cleo. Of this Discovery I Fear the event.

Plan. It merits Wonder and not Punishment.

Dela. But when I for her Favour, Sir, did sue,

Alas she said her Love was given to you,

So given as nothing could recall her Grant,

Since your forsakeing her that pow'r did want;

And in her Words and Accents made appear,

Her Flames for you did equall yours for her;

Convinc'd by this, that following my Design,

Would blast your joyes, but not procure me mine;

In which I was confirm'd by *Cleorin*,

The Noble Fatal Conquest I did win;

And forc'd my self that Secret to declare,

Which builds your Blessings on my own Despair.

Cleor. Yet Glory must on that Despair attend,

In which you serv'd your Mistress, Prince, and Friend.

Dela. Though, Sir, 'twas much your Mistress to adore,
To help you, while your Rival, yet is more;
Now, Sir, my Story to an end is brought:
Or Praise my merit, or condemn my Fault.

Prin. Oh you so nobly, have overcome your flame
As your Despair cannot transcend your Fame.
That Heightned Friendship which our Loves secures;
In our Contentment will present you yours;
Your Friendship yet on me such Debts does lay,
As I must too Despair, those Debts to pay;

Plan. 'Tis Nobler much, if you dare credit me,
To be th' Obliger than th' Obleig'd to be;
But in that Heart your Prince did first obtain
By Friendship plac'd, you shall for ever Reign.

Dela. If ought could cure the Grief of loosing you,
What you both said, that Miracle would doe.

(*Exeunt*)

*Enter King Edward, King John, Lord Latimer, Count
Guesclin, and all the Men.*

King. Ed. What, as a Lover, could I less have Done,
Hearing what past betwixt you and my Son;
Strange are th' Effects which Jealousy produce,
But fully, Sir, to purchase your Excuse,
I come to visit you, and let you know,
That I no more a Rival am to you,
My Anger though 'twere great, yet it was Short.

K. John. Sir, I admire no more at your Transport
O're hearing all we in the garden said,
But you have now full Reparation made.

Enter Delaware and Prince

Prin. Sir I more Greive I did a Fault Commit,
Then I am Pleas'd that you have Pardon'd it,
But, Sir, I hope that Freedom you'd restore
Is but an Earnest that you'll grant me more;
My Great Request, Sir, is Renew'd by me,
Granting me that is more then Liberty;
Such Strange Discoveries I have made this day,
As all the favour for which now I pray
Is, that to let me court her you'll consent,
When you your self have judg'd her Innocent.

King. Ed. But will you cease to court her when I prove,
You being judge, she Merits not your Love?

Prin. This by my Duty, Sir, I promise you.

K. Ed. Then what you beg'd of me I grant you too,

Prince. Be pleas'd then, Sir, to order Delaware
Without Reserve his Knowledge to Declare,

And

And what he Says I hope you will Believe.

King. Ed. To what he speaks I still will Credit give.

Dela. I shou'd be too Unworthy of this Trust,

Should I abuse a King so Great and Just;

When to the Warrs of *Aquitaine* I went,

I made a Friendship with the Earl of Kent,

Who in a Charge did such deep Wounds receive,

As, finding that he had not long to Live,

A Messenger in hast for me he sent,

As soon as e'r I came into his Tent,

He told me Something on his Heart did lye

Which griev'd him more then he was Griev'd to Dye,

Then in my Hand he did this Letter lay,

And in a Sigh his Soul did fly away.

Prin. When you have heard it Read, it will Afford

Proof of her Vertue,

King. Ed. Read it then my Lord.

The Earl of *KENT* to the

Lord *DELAUVARE*.

MY Death forces me to discover by what Arts I obtained, from the Prince of Wales, the faire Plantagenet. Before He ador'd her I did; and as soon as he fell in Love, (not knowing mine) he made me his Confident; but the King, being against the match, the Prince the better to cloud his reall passion for Plantagenet, seem'd to have one for the fair Aurelia; but still trusted me with the Superscription, Cypher, and Seale, which he used when he writ to my Plantagenet, and I had the fatal employment of carrying all their Letters.

At length, the Glory the Prince wonn at Cressy, joyn'd with his grief for the King's denial, conquer'd his Father; and the Day was appointed for his marrying Plantagenet, which, if not prevented, I found would be the Day of my Death.

This I imparted to my Mother, who had no small ascendant over Plantagenet, and by my Mothers advice, I got the Prince to write a Letter to Aurelia, (whom I seem'd to be passionatly in Love with) wherein he beg'd her pardon, for having counterfeited a Love to her, when
his

his was otherwise disposed of; but to repair it, he earnestly recommended me to her affection, as most worthy of it.

This Letter I seal'd, and superscribed with the Cypher the Prince alwayes made use of to Plantagenet, whom my Mother had so warmly alarm'd, with the Prince's passion for Aurelia, that this letter being delivered to Plantagenet, in a fit time, all written with the Prince's own hand, sealed and superscribed, as all his Letters to her were wont to be, made her so abhor the Prince's inconstancie, that in the dictates of those resentments, she gave her self to me, whereunto my Mothers Friendship with her, did highly contribute.

The Prince in despair, undertakes the war with France, and, I, soon after, disguised to all but you, follow'd him, in hope by some great action to wash off the Guilt my Love forced me to contract; but here I met my Death. Tell them all this; and that I hope their hatred to me, will be buried in my Grave.

Dela.

Dela. This Letter till this day I have conceal'd,
For Causes, Sir, unfit to be Reveal'd.

Prin. I hope you find in what he did relate
She was not Guilty but Unfortunate.

King. Ed. I must confess these Arts which Kent did use
Doe her forsaking you too much Excuse.

Prin. Since this has wash'd off her imagin'd Stain,
Give me your leave to love her, Sir, again.

King Ed. I would not have defam'd her, but I see
To cure his Love there's but that Remedy;
No, Prince, the Sin she did last night Commit
Makes her for ever for your Love unfit.

Prin. Oh Heaven! must I endure a new Affault?
Tell me I beg you, Sir, this Fancied Fault,
For she is of such an unblemish'd Fame,
As I can give it well no better Name:
But, Sir, to try me this perhaps is done.

King. Ed. I doe not use to trifle with my Son,
And I beleive you I credit what I said,
When I myself found hid within her Bed
A Lovely Youth, who since is dumb with Fear:
My Lord, bring instantly that Pris'ner here. (to Latimer.

(Exit Latimer.

Prince. Though I myself what you have said should see,
Yet I would think my Eyes were False not She.

King. Ed. Since to your Witness I did credit give,
Methinks what I have said You should Believe.

Prin. Forgive me if her Vertue and my Love
Forc'd me to speak what may your Anger move,
Fate never man to such a streight did bring,
I must offend my Mistress or my King,
Esteem her Guilty, or not Credit you,
That, Sir, I cannot, this I Dare not Doe.

Enter Latimer and Valeria's Brother

King. Jo. Valeria's Brother! Love is just I see,
Since he Revenges my inconstancy,
And makes him punish his fair Sister's wrong.

King. Ed. If still thy Fear has not ty'd up thy Tongue,
Discover to the King and to my Son,
How thou by Charms Plantagenet hast won,
I found thee in her Bed, there's no Excuse,

Valer. Broth. Sir, that's a place which few men would refuse.

*Enter Plantagenet, Alizia, Cleorin, Sevina,
and all the Women.*

Shall (not one moment) stay thy Destiny.

Plan. The Words and Anger of the King are High:

Alizia

Alizia, Sir, and I but now did hear,
That with this Gentleman you Angry were,
We come to beg you to forgive his Crime.

King Ed. Of all the World you should not plead for Him,
For you by it so Great a Guilt do show,
As I had rather but suspect then know.

Plan. I know not what you mean by what you said.

King. Ed. You know not too you hid him in your Bed.

Plan. Who could to you that Secret, Sir, declare.

King. Fo. Oh Heaven! does she Confess then he was there?

Val. Bro: That, Sir, I hope is no Offence to you. [do:

King. Io. False Youth, to me what worse Wrong could'st thou

Val: Bro. I thought my Sister had your Heart possess'd.

King. Fo. But did'st thou not from her to me protest,
She bid thee help me if I ere should be
In Love with any one more Fair then She?

Val. Bro. And doe you, Sir, confess that you are so?

King. Fo. Those Charming Eyes must every Heart ore'throw.

Val. Bro. This Guilt in you will cause her Death I fear.

King: Fo. Thy Guilt to me is more then mine to her,
What do'st thou aile, thou tremblest and lookst pale?

Val. Admire not, Grief does or' my soul prevail,
When to *Valeria's* self such Words you said,

As, Sir, does make her wish that she were Dead,
But though she's killd by your Inconstancy,
Yet in your Armes she begs your leave to Dye. *taking off her Disguise*
she faints.

Plantagenet holds her up.

Plan. She faints;

Ah, Sir, that Guilty Change in you!

King, Fo. Oh Madam, blame not what you made me doe.

Plan. Sir; 'tis not Just to charge your Fault on me.

King. Ed. Is it *Valeria* then?

King. Fo. Yes Yes 'tis she,
Her Broth'rs face so much resembles hers,
As I, deluded by the clothes she wears,
Did to her self my Change in Love avow.

Prince. The Clouds of my Despair do vanish now,
And Charming Hopes in me begin to Reign.

Plan. Give her more Air for now she Breaths again.

Valeria is set in a Chair.

King. Ed. Oh I the fair *Plantagenet* did wrong.

Prince. The Proofs that she is Guiltless are so strong,
As I now beg you will no more deferr
To give me leave to make my Court to her.

Alizia. Sir, in the Princes Suit I also Joyned,

King. Ed. Her Vertue now does with such Lustre Shine,

As to Repair my having Injur'd it,
I his Addresses to her doe permit.

Prince. In this more then a Father you appear,
Tis less to Give me Life then Grant me Her;
But, Sir, before this Blessing I pursue,
I must do Justice to my Rivall too,
Sir, I did promise you on her to wait, *(speaks to K. Iohn.*
And from her Sentence to receive my Fate,
This Promise I am ready to Performe.

King Jo. No Heart did ere endure so Fierce a Storm,
Who can support those burthens which I bear,
My Vowes confirm me here, my Passion there;
By leaving her my Noblest Hopes I end,
And by not leaving her I Wrong my Friend,
Some Sacred Pow'r teach me what I should doe.

Plan. Your Honour bindes you, Sir, to keep your Vow;
She told me, Sir, that Sacred Oath you Swore
That you no other Beauty would Adore,
And though you often for her Love did press,
Yet still Misfortune brought to you Distress;
She never could, though she did often strive,
Perswade herself his Passion to receive;
But then all Danger, Sir, She did Despise,
And came to Visi^t you in this Disguise;
But oh what Horror did her Soule invade,
When she o're heard what you to *Guesclin* said,
Of that unhappy Love you had for me;
She for that wound no better Cure could see.
Then to make me her freind and Confident.

King Jo. Ah what for me could Fortune worse invent:
Love she deny'd when t'would have made me Joy,
And onely gives it now 'tis to Destroy.

Plan. This, Sir, by Vow she ty'd me to conceal,
Till you to me your Passion should reveal,
Beleiving that would be the fittest time
To tell you, and Convince you of your Crime,
In which I promis'd my Assistance too:
All I have told you hapned, Sir, when you *(to King Ed.*
Did (unexpected) visit me last night,
Which put us both into so great a fright,
I, least Ill Thoughts in you it might create,
Finding a man (suppos'd) with me so late,
And she to be discover'd did so dread,
As, Sir, I did conceal her in my Bed,
Where I forgot her in my Freinds Despair.

King Jo. Madam, we wait till you your Doom Declare.

Plan. Oh let not, Sir, my Sentence make you Doe
What Love and Honour now doe call you to;

She Merits you, so Bright her Love does Shine,
And, Sir, the Prince of *Wales* possesses mine;
Behold the fair *Valeria* does revive,
If you'll Aske Pardon she'll a Pardon Give;
She your past Fault but for a Dream will take,
If, Sir, she finds you True when she does wake.

King Jo. I can no more (your Pow'r so high does rise)
Resist your Sentence then I could your Eyes,
And those Commands which now on me you lay
I beg you will Assist me to Obey.

Plan. You have your King so wounded with your Grief,
To Valeria. That he, as much as you, does need Releif.

King Jo. With an Afflicted Soul I waite on you,
To my own Fault and beg your Pardon too;
Madam, I hope a Love which ne're shall Dye
Will expiate one short Inconstancy.

Valeria. Ah! though I ne're more Reparation sought
Then, Sir, that you should see and owne your Fault,
Yet you my Heart so wounded by your Crime,
As to recover it requires some Time.

King Jo. Though I this Penance, Madam, must deplore,
Yet I must grant my Fault does merit more.

Prince. Now, Sir, to raise our Joys above Increase,
To this great King give Liberty and Peace.

King Ed. Those Offers which I always did Decline,
To Gratify you both, I now will Signe.

King Jo. While in this way my Freedome you Restore,
You and the Prince make me your Pris'ner more:
Your former Conquest, Sir, to this must Yield,
This wins my Friendship that but won the Feild.

King Ed. This is a Conquest we delight to owne,
'Tis more to gain your Friendship, then your Throne.
Now all th' Alarm's of Love and War shall cease,
And yeild their roomes to the soft Joyes of Peace.

The Curtaine falls.

EPILOGUE



EPILOGUE TO THE KING.

THe Poet, Sir, has offer'd to your sight
An English Prince, whose Fame appear'd so Bright,
As never any since his time was known,
To shine with clearer Lustre, but your Own;
For though Immortal Honour he did gain,
By conquering France, and by restoring Spain,
Yet, Sir, you brought Three Kingdoms to Remorse,
And gain'd by Vertue more then he by Force;
Which, Sir, on you a greater Name bestows
By conquering Them by whom he conquered Those:
'Tis more by Vertue England to o'come,
Then by the English to beat Christendome.
As when the Universe was to be made,
The Vast Design was on the Waters laid;
So you in Conquering it like Method keep,
Laying your first Foundation in the Deep:
Though the Black Prince, so happy, Sir, did prove,
As to be Crown'd with Victory and Love,
Yet Sir, he knows from you he may receive
A Nobler Crown then War or Love can give;
This makes him like the Poet trembling stand,
Till, Sir, that Crown be given him by your Hand.

FINIS.

Tryphon.
A
TRAGEDY:

As it was Acted
By his HIGHNESS
THE
Duke of YORK's SERVANTS.

Written by the
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Earl of Orrery.



LONDON,
Printed by T. N. for H. Herringman, at the Sign of the
Blue Anchor, in the lower walk of the
New Exchange. 1669.

By his HIGHNESS
THE
Duke of YORK, SERVAANT

RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Earl of Orrey.



LONDON

Printed by T. W. for H. Livingston, at the sign of the
Blue Anchor, in the lower wall of the
New Exchange. 1669.

THE
PROLOGUE

Spoke

By Mr Nokes and Mr Angell.

A. **H**old, hold.

N. **W**hy, Sir?

A. *What is't you mean to say?*

N. *I mean to speak the Prologue to the Play.*

A. *Therefore to stop you I esteem it fit.*

N. *The Poet then will not be thought a Wit.*

A. *A wit Forsooth!*

N. *Yes, Sir, a wit.*

A. *What's that?*

N. *A wit is in one word--I know not what.*

A. *Of that kind Title give your Poet Joy.*

A wit is then in French, A je ne scay quoi.

A modish Name.

N. *Yet, Sir, that Name to gain,*

How many of our Writers crack their brain?

A. *That 's a mistake, for who'd that Name contract,*

Must, ere he Court it, first his brain have crackt.

To be a Wit (believe me, Sir, 'tis true)

Is the worst State a Man can Fall into.

The Wits first vow, is, that they none will spare,

But jeer at every Creature that they dare;

And the No-Wits, these Wits so dis-esteem,

That they give Money oft to hiss at them;

'Tis the Wits Nature, or at best their Fate,

Others to scorn, and one another hate.

They would be Sultans if they had their will,

For each of them would all his Brothers kill.

N. *Hold, Sir, the Wits you too severely school.*

A. *I say, to be a Wit's to be a Fool;*

For who but such a Creature would not grudge,

T' have any one for half a Crown his Fudge;

Nay, toil, that he such a wise Act may do,

Then lets the Players get the half Crown too.

N. *Why was this Play then by the Author writ?*

A. *In fear, 'tis said, of being call'd a Wit.*

*And many a Man does doubt that is his Friend,
Ere three hours hence he will have reach'd his end.*

*N. Take heed, if at this rate we gable more
Our Poet will attain his end before.*

A. For fear of that 'tis best we should be gone.

N. What without Prologue?

A. I'm resolv'd to have none.

*For some on Wit that needless Tax did lay,
Which Poets now are grown too poor to pay.
But yet as mettled School-boys set to cuff,
Will not confess that they have done enough,
Though deadly weary, till spectators do
At once both part and call them good Boys too;
But then these Cuffers monstrous joyful are:
Just thus it would with all our Poets fare,
Would you decree (what I for them implore)
Poets with Prologues nere should meddle more.
'Tis the best thing you for your selves could do,
For Prologues first tire Poets and then you;
If you'll not do't, while in your power it lies,
They'll do it of themselves, if they be wise:
Our Poets tyr'd, and has with Prologues done,
But those which yet are fresh, let them cuff on.*

The Persons Names.

Tryphon

Aretus and Demetrius

Selencus

Nicanor

Arcas

Cleopatra and Stratonice

Hermione

Irene

The King.

Friends.

Capt. of Tryphon's Guard.

**Father to Cleopatra and
Stratonice.**

Tryphon's Freeman.

Sisters.

Confident to Cleopatra.

Confident to Stratonice.

Tryphon.

Tryphon.

THE FIRST ACT.

The SCENE is the Garden of Tryphon's Palace
in Antioch.

Demetrius and Aretus.

Dem. **T**ryphon, I grant, through Seas of blood has gone
To force his passage to the Syrian Throne;
But how men gain their Pow'r the Gods do not
So much regard, as how 'tis us'd when got.
Our Murther'd King *Antiochus* did own,

That Tryphon's Father did restore his Crown;
Which made him trust the Sons ambitious youth
With so much pow'r as did corrupt his truth:
This our dead Prince discover'd, but too late,
Which did provoke Tryphon to act his fate:
For Kings should not to too great Subjects shew
They mean their ruine, till they act it too;
And he almost deserves to lose his Throne
Who makes a Subject's power exceed his own.

Are. What ever you in his defence have brought,
Rather then lessen doth augment his fault;
For what could show this Tyrant more unjust
Then to abuse such gratitude and trust;
Trust, which the wicked often does reclame,
This monstr'ous wickedness does more inflame.
That he repents nothing can us perswade,
Since what makes others good has made him bad.

Dem. When once Ambition does the mind devour,
Men Sacrifice their Vertue to their Pow'r.
Antiochus had rais'd him up so high,
As he was either to usurp, or die;
And when he had perceiv'd the Kings distrust,
He made him think, that what was safe was just.

Are. Oh let him not be pleaded for by you,
Who did his King depose and murther too,
Left on your self th' Usurpers blood you bring;

Dem. 'Tis less to kill, then to arraign a King;

And he who does an Empires loss endure
Cannot think death a punishment, but cure.

Are. But Actions should be taken as they're meant.

Dem. To vindicate him is not my intent;
Since all which can in his excuse be said
Is, that his Pride his Virtue has betray'd.

Are. No glimps of vertue e're in him could shine
Who kill'd his King, and all the Royal line.

Dem. After he had the chief of it suppress'd,
He thought it was unsafe to save the rest.

Are. Ambition made him act the Parricide,
And Cruelty must then preserve his Pride.
By the same rule he ought to shed the blood
Of all his Country-men that dare be good:
Then from the Throne let us th' Usurper fling.
To save our selves, and to Revenge the King:
For should we to this Tyranny submit,
We shall deserve as well as suffer it:
And to the virtuous 'twill much more appear
Such a misfortune to deserve then bear.

That *Tryphon* calls you favourite I know,
But to his Fear alone that name you ow:
Yet though the kindness which he feigns were true,
Even layes the ground of what I call you to;
From you he merits death, since he hath dar'd
To hope, such Friendship could such Guilt have spar'd.

Dem. Whom *Tryphon* fears he doth to death pursue,
And if he fear'd me he might kill me too,
But, that he fears me not, he could not give
A stronger proof then that he lets me live.

Yet do not think his friendship such a charm,
As from revenge it could confine my arme;
But if my patience you a sin esteem,
It springs from Love to *Syria*, not to him:
For since the Royal line are made away,
Were *Tryphon* kill'd, who should the Scepter sway?
All the Ambitious for the Throne would fight,
For where none has the Title, all have Right.
Thus while we cast a bloody Tyrant down
By Blood, we raise another to the Crown.
'Tis this, 'tis this which chiefly frightens me,
We may change Tyrants, not the Tyranny.
Where Force is Title, Force must make it good,
And who comes in by Armes must reign by Blood.

Are. Banish such groundless fears, for he alone
Who kills the Tyrant should ascend his Throne.
Who from this Tyranny does *Syria* free,
All will confess, deserves our King to be.

If by your Arm this generous Act is done,
Saving the Kingdom will deserve the Crown.

Dem. Oh my *Aretus* should I yield to this,
T'would then be my Ambition punish'd his:
And he's unfit a Tyrant to dethrone
Who with his Countreys ends dare mix his own;
Since *Tryphon* is call'd King, I'll rather bear
His Tyranny then be his Murtherer,
That name *Aretus* is a sacred thing.

Are. But *Tryphon's* an Usurper, not a King.
Ah shall he keep his blood from being spilt,
By taking off that name which makes his guilt:
If such a principle we should endure,
Then the most guilty would be most secure.

Dem. What ever sins to gain a Crown are done,
The God's do pardon when they put it on.
We ought, when Heav'n's Vicegerent does a Crime,
To leave to Heav'n the right to punish him.
Those who for wrongs their Monarchs murther act,
Worse sins then they can punish they contract:
And while his favour I so much possess,
My Pow'r will hinder any new excess.

Are. But from new crimes while *Tryphon* you withhold,
You bribe our swords from punishing the old.

Dem. He that's so bad as to gain pow'r by Blood,
Some reparation makes if he turn good;
And 'tis my hope as much as 'tis my care,
To fill his Court with those who virtuous are.
If Virtue in his Court it self advance,
Vice there will soon grow out of countenance.
That he no more into new crimes may fall,
Hee'll make this day *Nicanor* General;
And our *Seleucus* free from Vice as Fear
Shall head the guards —————

Tryphon, Nicanor, Seleucus, and Tryphon's Guards.

But *Tryphon* does appear
Who must not see me since he sent me now
On an affair which you at night shall know.

{ *Demet. and Aret. go*
out severally.

Try. No, no, *Nicanor*, I can truly own
My safety made me chiefly take the Crown;
Antiochus had rais'd me to such height
As I had felt what was an Empire's weight,
And scarce th' Ambitious would be brought to reign
If with the Pumps of Pow'r they knew the Pain:

But

But when false doubts of me his mind did fill,
 Then whom he Rais'd he had design'd to Kill:
 And though the Father plac'd him in the Throne,
 Yet this return he would have made the Son;
 Finding that he or I must be oppress'd,
 I of two evils did embrace the least;
 Since to my Services he was severe,
 From him what might not his best Subjects fear;
 Which shows, my Countreys good in what was done
 As much did urge me to it as my own.

Nica. Sir, you have known me long, and that my heart
 In what I speak disdains the vails of art:
 If therefore you would now my silence break,
 Be not offended if I freely speak.

Try. Nought you can say, such an offence will be,
 As doubting freedom can be so to me.

Nica. Then Sir, my mind I'll freely speak to you
 Yet with that reverence which to Kings is due.
 I know your Fathers Valour, and your own
 Did to *Antiochus* restore his Throne;
 Since for your King you did that Service do,
 Ah Sir, forget not 'twas your duty too:
 Subjects, too oft, whose services are great
 Consider that as merit, which is debt;
 And have the ruine of their Kings design'd,
 Judging them cruel when not over-kind:
 Those are sad truths which Histories oft show,
 Judge Sir if this has been your case, or no.

Try. I need no clearer proof to let you see
 That once *Antiochus* was kind to me,
 Then, when he alter'd and my murther meant,
 I by his ruine could my own prevent:
 To me his kindness he had largely shown,
 Trusting me with a Pow'r above his own;
 Had he but told me he'd that Power recall,
 I at his feet would have resign'd it all;
 But why because he rais'd me up so high
 Should he conclude I merited to Die?
 If he did erre, placing me where I stood,
 Why must his fault be washt off with my Blood.

Nica. Ah Sir, though this had been the state of things,
 Yet subjects, Sir, should die to save their Kings;
 Much rather they their own death should endure
 Than by their King's their Safety's to procure;
 And Virtue does oblige us, where 'tis strong,
 Rather to suffer than to act a wrong.

Try. But Natures Dictates which no man can wave
 Obliges every one his Life to save.

Nica.

Nica. Nature whose Dictates in defence you bring,
Ties subjects by their Deaths to save their King,
Nature is Reason, Sir, and that does show
More to our Kings then to ourselves we owe,
For in a subjects Death but one does fall,
But a King's Life contains the Life of All.

Selen. Yet though your Safety, Sir, did you Incline
To Kill your King, you might have spar'd his Line,
Oh, Sir, you needed not their Bloods have spilt.

Try. Their Births to me *Selencus*, made their Guilt,
Who his own Murther by his Monarch's Shuns,
Makes it more certain if he spares his Sons.

Sel. But though to save the Sons unsafe was held,
Why was *Antiochus* the grandchild kill'd?
An Infant who was then not two years old?

Try. Whatever of his Death my Foes have told,
Yet to you both here solemnly I Vow,
That child, for ought I know, is living now,
And one who oft informes me what is True
Tell's me, *Nicanor*, he's conceal'd by you.

Nica. I doe not doubt but many there may be,
Too apt to give ill Characters of me,
But, Sir, I think if you reflection make,
With what Affront the King from me did take
The Generals place, you'l scarce believe he durst
To one so wrong'd commit so great a Trust,
Yet if you think it true ———

Try. ——— *Nicanor* hold,
'Tis not what I believe but what I'm told;
And to convince you what I say is true,
The Generals Office I restore to you;
If I to *Syria* meant not to be Just,
I would not lodge in you so great a Trust;
A Trust which if I use the *Syrians* ill,
Gives power to punish me, and Pow'r gives Will!

Nic. That Trust which, Sir, you now on me would lay,
Does merit more then I have Pow'r to pay,
But when my King did wrong me, I did swear
No publick Office I again would bear,
Forgive me, Sir, since 'tis a Sacred Vow
Makes me decline what you have offer'd now,
I should for such a Trust appear unfit,
If I forswore my self accepting it.

Try. Take heed, for if this Offer be refus'd,
I may believe you Justly are accus'd.

Nic. You should methinkss much rather, Sir, from thence
See my Foes Malice and my Innocence;

Were I posselt of the Thrones lawfull heir,
Why should I wave a Pow'r might place him there.

Try. But if you would accept what I restore,
That Action would convince me of it more,
For since your Vertue binds you to be just,
'Twould bind you too not to betray your Trust;
Yet I'll believe 'tis nothing but your Vow
Keeps you from taking what I offer'd now,
You shall therein by me no more be prest,
And that you may still on my Friendship rest,
Demetrius is this day imploy'd by me
In an Affair shall let *Nicanor* see,
That I have made it now my chiefeft End
To make him by a sacred rye my Friend.
Selencus, whose High Worth deserves Rewards,
Shall from this day be Captain of my Guards.

Sel. This Trust I'll strive to merit by my Care.

Nic. Those clearlest show that they your Servants are
Who at your Faults judge it a sin to winke,
And tell you Truths which others scarce dare think.

Sel. Those who their Princes flatter May be thought
Guiltier then those who have against them fought,
Since more by Flattery have been undone
Then have been ruin'd by Rebellion.

Nic. Monarchs those servants highest should esteem
Who, when they err, dare not but tell it them,
And he who does by Force a Throne obtain,
Ought to repair it by a Generous Reign.

Try. This Freedome and the Council which you give
As Proofs of both your Friendships I receive,
And I resolve my Reign shall be so good
As shall outweigh my want of right by Blood. *(They all goe out)*

Enter Cleopatra. Stratonice, Irene, and Hermione.

The SCENE Nicanor's Pallace.

Stra. That sacred Friendship which so firm has stood,
And joyns us more than Nature does by Blood,
Makes me not fear, dear Sister, you'll believe,
That 'tis my Envy this advice does give;
Demetrius has but too officious been,
Perswading *Tryphon* to make you his Queen;
Improve his Error to exalt your Fame,
And scorn both *Tryphon's* scepter and his Flame,
You'll merit to a lawful Throne to rise,
If an unlawfull one you can despise,

Since

Since greater to the Vertuous twill appear
A Crown to Merit then a Crown to Wear.

Cleo. Though *Tryphon* did by Blood the Crown obtain,
Yet a Crown worn doth wash off every Stain.

Stra. When Heaven admits a Tyrant to a Throne,
'Tis but from Vaster Heights to cast him down,
To doe it whil'st hee's climbing would appear
A lesse Revenge, then being seated there,
And since such Guilt does most the Gods incense,
The Punishment should equall the Offence.

Cleo. Since he, while Wicked, in the Throne has stood,
The Gods will not depose him now hee's Good,
His past Offences he does much deplore.

Stra. That for their Vengeance ripens him the more,
For men might think, were not quick Justice done,
Repentance Usurpation might atone.

Cleo. Ah Sister, those to whom the Gods allow
Repentance, with it give their Pardon too.

Stra. But those who to destroy their Kings consent,
Heaven lets them never perfectly Repent,
But leaves them quite, when they so Wicked bee,
Their Sorrow is but their Hypocrisy.

Cleo. Let not your Vertue Judge against your Sight,
Nor limit Mercy which is Infinite;
But since a Crown is still the gift of Heaven,
What matter is it by what Hand 'tis given.

Stra. When by a Tyrants Hand a Crown is given,
How can you think that Crown the Gift of Heaven.

Cleo. Since *Tryphon*'s in the Throne, what *Syrian* dare,
Without a Crime, dispute how he came there.

Stra. Rather what *Syrian* who dares Vertue own,
Thinks not hee's bound to cast him from the Throne.
My Father great *Nicanor*, I dare say,
Thinks this a Duty which he ought to Pay;
You from this Duty may his hand restrain,
If you with *Tryphon* in one Throne should Reign.

Cleo. Usurpers, who inforc'd their Crimes forsake,
For all past Crimes full satisfaction make;
If I by Love continue *Tryphon* Good,
Nicanor ought not then to shed his Blood;
If he relapse, he by his Death may prove,
His Countrey he more then his Son does love,
Syria to us, what ere *Tryphon* shall doe,
Either his Change or her Revenge shall owe.

Stra. Ah think not Love the softest thing that is
Can dwell in such a Cruel Heart as his.

Cleo. Rather believe since Love has him inflam'd,
His Heart from Cruelty is now reclaim'd.

Since

Stra. Since by such Guilt he in the Throne does sit,
Rather believe his Vertue Counterfeit.

Cleo. 'Tis the least Miracle which Love can doe
To change dissembled Vertue into true.

Stra. Ah *Cleopatra*, this discourse has shown
You'll lose your Happinefs to gain his Throne;
For I was now, in brave *Aretus* name,
To have disclos'd to you his hidden Flame,
A Flame so High and so Respectfull too,
As it appear'd worthy of him and you;
Oh had you seen the Fear in which he spoke,
When he my help did in his Love invoke,
It would have you as well as me it mov'd,
That Fear had let you see how much he Lov'd.

Cleo. *Aretus* ought to blush that durst appear
At once my Lover and admit a Fear.

Stra. He of that Fear, rather then blush, should boast,
Since Flames which highest rise still tremble most.

Cleo. Sure, my dear *Stratonice*, this is but said
Me from the Love of *Tryphon* to diswade,
For did *Aretus* Burn to such degree,
He would have first disclos'd his Flame to me;

Stra. Draw not from what his High Respect does prove
An argument that he is not in Love.

Her. I have observ'd, so has *Irene* too,
Of late *Aretus* often gaz'd on you,
And when by chance your Eyes on him were turn'd,
He with a Sigh would seem to say he burn'd.

Irene. I must acknowledge, Madam, I admire,
That you did ne'r take notice of his Fire;

Hermione and I have often said,
Never more Love in any Looks were read.

Cleo. 'Tis happy for him that he ne'r did dare
Himself to me his Passion to declare,
For if he had been Guilty of that Crime
I would have suppress'd th' Esteem I have for him.

Stra. His Vertue the Esteem of all does move,
But is there nothing due unto his Love?

Cleo. Yes, yes, my Pitty while it is conceal'd,
But hate when 'tis by him to me reveal'd.

Stra. You more then he should this Resolve deplore.

Cleo. Press me, dear *Stratonice*, in this no more;
Tryphons Addresse has so Succesfull been,
As he has now my Word to be his Queen.

Stra. Ah such as have to Thrones of Tyrants rose,
Have bin the more expos'd to Fortunes blowes.

Cleo. She does not merit on a Throne to sit,
Who can fear ought more then to miss of it.

THE SECOND ACT.

*The SCENE the Palace Garden.**Demetrius and Aretus as in discourse:*

Dem. **B**Ut for his interrupting of us, you
Methinks you seem amaz'd at what I said.

Are. Alas your Words have struck me worse then Dead:
Fortune no Curse so bad as this could send,
Made sharper too, since acted by my Friend.

Dem. How could I think that you concern'd had been,
In *Cleopatra's* being *Tryphon's* Queen.

Are. I am so much concern'd in it, that I,
Rather then see her *Tryphon's* Wife, wou'd Dye.

Dem. Doe you then love her

Are. Love's too low a name
For that which does *Aretus* heart Inflame,
For never any Fire resembled mine
But that Bright Fire which in her Eyes does shine.

Dem. Was't fit this Love from me conceal'd should be:

Are. Alas 'twas till last night unknown to me,
Something I felt of late had Charm'd me so,

As did at once Please and Subject me too;
But those Emotions were so farr above

All that the world has ever known of Love,

As, that 'twas Love no more by them I knew,

Then I can now describe that Love to you:

'Twas fit that Eyes that shoot unusuall Rayes
Should kindle Fires too in unusuall wayes.

Dem. I am not Guilty though my self I Blame,
But Sure you might suppress so young a Flame,

Your Friend from no small Trouble it would free:

Are. Ah 'twere not Love, did it depend on me,
Those Guilty Words therefore you should recall,

Love does not take but gives the Law to all.

Would you not think me cruell or unwise

Should I beg you not to love *Stratonice*?

Dem. I durst not aske that you'de your Love decline,
If it had took so deep a root as mine.

Are. Nothing can fix a Love to such degree
As *Cleopatra's* Eyes have done in me.

Dem. You have not yet your Conquerors Favour gaind,
But I my *Stratonice's* have obtain'd,
That Secret's only trusted to your breast.

Are. And there in silence it shall ever rest:
But oh in what you say you have not prov'd
That I love less than you, but less am lov'd,
Success may raise my Joys but not my Flame,
The World for Love like mine does want a Name.

Dem. Ah my *Aretus*, had I known before,
That you fair *Cleopatra* did Adore,
I had prevented those sad streights we're in,
And hindred *Tryphon* courting her for Queen;
Now there's no cure for a disease so high.

Are. Yes but there is ———

Dem. ——— what is't ———

Are. ——— *Tryphon* shall dye;

On two accompts his death to him I owe,
For hee's my Tyrant and my Rivall too;
Yet with the last I merit to be curs'd,
Since I to kill him needed but the first.

Dem. In killing him your Country you'll expose.

Are. Not killing him I *Cleopatra* loose,
And he unworthy of her will appeare
Who above all things does not value her.

Dem. This Truth with greater lustre may be seen,
If you would not oppose her being Queen.

Are. Ile not oppose (by taking *Tryphons* life)
Her being Queen, but being a Tyrants wife.

Dem. Since she would have him as her Choice or Fate,
Shee'll take such proofs of Love as proofs of Hate.

Are. Her Virtue which has still appear'd so High
Shews 'tis a Marriage of Necessity,
Which hath engag'd me by one generous blow
To free my Mistress and my Countrey too.
Farewell, Ile goe and act what I intend,
And If I fall say you have lost a Freind.

Embracing him

Dem. Hee'll perish in th' attempt ——— *Aretus* stay,
And is there to your cure no other way?

Are. In such a question you mispend your breath,
In Rival'd Love what Cure is there but Death.

Dem. You'll meet your owne, attempting his I fear.

Are. Tis twice a Death to be depriv'd of her,
Farewell — wast this for which you call'd me backe.

Dem. Stay Friend, for I'me contriving for your sake

That

That which may reach your End a safer way;
Suspend th' Attempt the remnant of this day,
Since in your Love you are engag'd so farr,
To serve you in it 'Ile imploy my cares;
You know the Pow'r which I with *Tryphon* have.

Are. This is but spoke th' Usurpers Life to save.

Dem. How's this, your self as me you now offend;
Can you suspect me and yet call me Freind?

Are. What I have said in such a Storm of Fate
Deserves your pittty rather than your Hate,
Doe not the Pardon which I beg deny,
Twas my Distraction wrong'd you and not I.

Dem. Alas I see you are or'come with Greif.

Are. Yet to my Sorrows 'twould be some Releif,
Would you then Swear if you in your Designe
Should faile, you would assist me then in mine.

Dem. But will you swear his Death you'le not attempt,
If from his Rivallshipp I you exempt?

Are. In such a vow myself I cannot Trust,
Tis less to be Unhappy than Unjust,
Which I should be if I to you should give
A promise that I'de let th' Usurper live.

Dem. The Vow which I desire that you would make
Is not for *Tryphon's* but for *Syrias* sake.

Are. Poor *Syria*! since *Demetrius* thinks it good
To bind me not to shed thy Tyrants Blood,
What greater Curse could Heaven on thee have sent,
Then make thy safety be thy Punishment.

Dem. Since 'tis the will of Heaven we must submit
What will you doe,

Are. I'de doe ——— what shall be fit.

Dem. But will you then too no more condescend,
To loose a Rivall and oblige a Freind.

Are. Would you have me doe more then what is fit.

Dem. But will you Vow to make me Judge of it?
If By my Power with *Tryphon* and my Skill
I make him cease to Rival you.

Dre. I will ———

Oh *Cleopatra*! never Lover yet
Did of his Passion give a Proof so great,
With such Devotion to your Eyes I bend,
As I pay them what I deny'd my Freind;
Nay for their sake, and what more could I doe,
I spare the Tyrant of my countrey too;
If I in this Act against Duties Laws,
Let Love forgive the Effect which Love did cause;
Ah Freind! from me you have extorted now
That which I feare may prove a Guilty Vow,

But

But you are judge of all which gives me Rest.

Dem. Can you then doubt what's trusted to my Breast?

Are. You see I doe it not, since I decline

Even to inquire what you for me designe.

Dem. Feare not, I'll ner'e betray a Trust so High.

Are. When you betray me 'tis high time to Dye.

[Embracing him they goe out]

Enter Nicanor, Stratonice, Irene.

The SCENE Nicanor's Pallace.

Stra. I thought my Sister your consent had got.

Nic. So far from getting, that she askd it not;

Hermione to me has been Unjust,

I left my *Cleopatra* to her Trust,

And know not well which most I should Suspect,

Or her Unfaithfulness or her Neglect:

Th' Ambition of your Sister, I foresee,

Will make her Wretched and will Hazard me;

For if she marryes *Tryphon* Shee's undone,

And me hee'll ruine if his Love she shun.

Ire. *Hermione* and I have but one Breast,

And she to me did solemnly protest,

She not, till 'twas too late, the Business knew,

And, Sir, laments for it as much as you.

Nic. In such a Fault she'd show herself Unwise,

If she from you did not herself disguise.

Stra. *Hermione* is Innocent therein,

Sir, 'tis my sisters Fate or else her Sin.

Nic. You both absolve *Hermione* from Guilt,

Shew me on what your Confidence is built.

Stra. The cause of mine to you, Sir, I'll relate,

She Loves my sister and does *Tryphon* Hate;

And would not, Sir, I know, deserve your Frown,

To gaine for her own self the *Syrian* Crown.

Iren. I know she does *Aretus* much esteem,

And thinks your Daughter only merits him;

And to *Hermione* he told this day

The Love he does to *Cleopatra* pay;

Besides she vow'd to me 'tis her Intent,

In that Address, to be her Confident.

Nic. Does then *Aretus*, *Cleopatra* love?

Stra. And in that height, I fear, his Death 'twill prove,

For

For when he knowes shee'l be th' Usurpers Wife,
He will attempt his own or *Tryphon's* Life.

Nic. That Happiness at which I most did aime
Is now fall'n on me,, but is fall'n in vaine,
That Height'ned Worth *Aretus* still has shewn
Makes me esteem him above *Tryphon's* Throne.
My *Stratonice*, Irene, you and I,
Must for this Ill find a quick Remedy;
All must assault her in a several way,
On *Cleopatra* my Commands I'll lay,
And with *Hermione* you two must joyne,
To make your Sister break off her Designe.

Stra. You may be of our best Endeavour sure,
But, Sir, I fear this Ill is past our Cure.

Nic. Those who of Feare in their Attempts admit;
Doe take the surest way to faile in it;
Her Resolutions cannot be above
Her Duty, Friendship, and *Aretus* Love;
But we lose Time while we together stay,
And this Affair admits of no Delay.

[*They goe out several wayes*]

(*Enter Cleopatra, Hermione.*)

The SCENE a Garden and a Grove of Trees.

Her. Forgive me, Madam, that I thus have prest
To know the Grief which does invade your Breast,
For though, when you in publick doe appeare,
Your Speech is Chearfull and your Looks are Clear,
Yet they are clouded when you are alone,
And every Word is brought forth with a Groan.

Cleo. That which you have observ'd alas is true,
Those various Actings to my Fate are due;
I ought, since Destin'd to a Tyrants Throne,
Joyfull to seem, yet mourn when I'm alone,
Nor know I which my Soul does most subdue,
Feigning false Joys, or hiding Greif that's true.

Her. Rather then Grief me thinks you should Rejoyce;
Since *Tryphon*, Madam, you have made your choice.

Cleo. Rather then I, *Hermione*, would have
Tryphon for husband I would wed my Grave.

Her. Why did you his Addresses then receive,
And ne're so much as ask *Nicanor's* leave;

E

Had

Had you but to your Father told your mind,
He, to prevent it, Something had design'd.

Cleo. 'Tis that which made me doe what I have done,
For I more feare his Ruine then my owne.
This is my Duty which appears my Crime,
Better he mourn'd for me then I for him;
But now my Word is given 'tis past recall,
I'll be Unhappy to prevent his Fall,
He gave me Life, and therefore for his sake
The Life he gave me I will Wretched make,
For such 'twill be when I am *Tryphon's* Wife;
This way alone could Save *Nicanor's* life,
For by th' Usurpers Fury he had dy'd,
If he to marry me had been deny'd.

Her. Since 'twas your Duty, Madam, as you owne,
And not Ambition led you to the Crowne,
Why did you not your head and arm employ,
To save your self and *Tryphon* to destroy?

Cleo. Ah I was loath to act the Guilty part
Of Owing and not Paying him my Heart.

Her. Do you so hate him as you'le Wretched be,
Rather then yield his Sword should set you Free,
And under *Tryphon* let your Countrey bow,
Sooner then let him save both it and you?
Ah, Madam, to my Grief alas I see,
That you would now conceal your self from me.

Cleo. Think not that I conceal my self from you,
Telling you what my Duty made me doe.

Ar. Duty might you to marry *Tryphon* lead,
If that alone could save *Nicanor's* head;
But you a much more Easie Way may chuse,
To reach that End, and yet that Way refuse,
When, Madam, by pursuing of it, you
Might save at once Your Self and Countrey too;
For none but brave *Aretus*, that I see,
The valour has to end this Tyranny;
From which his Love to you will him restrain,
If you with *Tryphon* as his Queen should Raign.
Alas, what is the poor *Aretus* Crime,
That rather then you'l be oblig'd to him,
You'l of your Contry's Tyrant be the Wife,
And which is worse you'll save that Tyrants Life.

Cleo. Doe not I shew I think him free from Crime,
That lose my self rather then hazard him?

Her. In that Attempt he'l but some Hazard runne,
But if you marry *Tryphon* he's undone;
Thus from the Hazard you *Aretus* free,
But to destroy him the more certainly;

Ah, Madam, by such reas'ning you declare,
That in your Confidence I have no share;
'Tis therefore fit our Friendship here should End;
For who Distrusts, deserves to Lose a Friend.
And since with me so Cruelly you deale,
I'll bid you now eternally farewell.

Would to the Gods this had been done before,
That none might think I Like what I Abhorre;
But though from you my self I thus divide,
Yet still I'll pray that Heaven may be your Guide.

Cleo. Raise not the Sorrows under which I bend,
By threatning to deprive me of my Friend;
This usage so severe I needs must blame.

Her. Why doe you thus abuse that Sacred Name?
Alas for me, it is no longer fit;

For your Mistrust, Madam, has cancel'd it;
Therefore from you for ever will I part. *{ She offers to goe out*

Cleo. Oh stay and I'll Disclose to you my Heart,
Yet with so cross a Fortune I contend,
As I'm asham'd to tell it to my Friend.

Her. What ever Sorrows have oppress your Heart,
Yet since you strove to hide your self by Art
From me whom you call Friend, you ought much more
That Sin then those Misfortunes to Deplore.

Cleo. My Grief from you I will no longer hide,
That you may Pity her whom now you Chide;
But let us first, *Hermione*, remove

To some such Shady Place as yonder Grove,
That when to you my Secret I commit,
You scarce may see how much I blush at it.

[They goe out]

Enter

Tryphon and Seleucus

The Scene Tryphon's Apartment

Sel. Forgive me, Sir, if I presume to say
You have appear'd in too much Grief this day,
And all last night you took so little Rest
As if some Sorrow had your Heart oppress.

Try. Alas, *Seleucus*, I am under, now,
Sorrows would make the Strongest Soul to Bow;
And I have often for *Demetrius* sent,
That in his Friendship I might give them vent;

But since he does not come, and since I know
That perfect Friendship which he has for you,
Being with Trouble so much overprest,
I will commit that Secret to your Breast.

Sel. This Favour no addition can admit,
Unless, Sir, I may serve you too in it.

Try. That Friendship for *Demetrius* which I have,
And which shall never cease but in the Grave,
Made me resolve by his Advice to gaine
The *Syrians* Kindness by a gentle Reigne,
And since *Nicanor's* Vertue most does Shine,
That I without Reserve might make him Mine,
I by *Demetrius* Councell too was led
To raise *Nicanor's* Daughter to my Bed.

Sel. Which of *Nicanor's* Daughters is it, Sir,
That he would have you to your Crown prefer.

Try. 'Tis *Cleopatra* whose Bright Eyes I own
Makes her deserve to share the *Syrian* Thrones
You seem to Sigh at what I told you now.

Sel. Under your Grief how could I choose but Bow,
But under what Affliction can you bend,
Having a Crown, that Mistress and, that Friend?

Try. Most men with one of those might Happy be,
But I am Wretched though I have all three,
For Heaven decrees, from whence our Law we take,
How much shall every mortall Happy make,
And if he does but faile in one of those
Desires, which must that Happiness compose,
That one Deny'd, though with all th' other Blest,
Will rob him of the Gust of all the rest:
If I must Love and in Love miss my ends,
Fortune in vaine sends me a Crown and Freinds.

Sel. Do's *Cleopatra* your Addresses slight?

Try. That shee'l receive them even my Heart does fright;
I who Undaunted through such Storms did steer,
As the most Brave would tremble but to hear,
I who have Kings depos'd, and Battels won,
And never any thing like Feare have known,
Am now to see my Dearest Freind affraid,
And of the Yeildings of a Lovely Maid.

Sel. To share your Crown can you esteem her fitt,
And yet, Sir, fear that shee'l accept of it?
Those words appear a Mistry to me.

Try. *Seleucus*, I'll unvail the mistry;
'Twas yesterday that I *Demetrius* sent,
My Crowne to *Cleopatra* to present;
But 'twas last night alas that I did see
A Brighter Beauty which has Conquerd me,

Whose

Whose Eyes are blest with such a Pow'rfull charm
 They Burn those Hearts which others can but warm;
 Till that Beauty saw, I did believe,
 A man resolv'd the Law to Love could give.

Sel. Why should you, Sir, appear afflicted now,
 Since 'tis to so much Beauty that you Bow;
 Love is a Fate which every one must Taste,
 Some soon, some late, but all must Burn at last.
 Your Fate you rather should Applaud then Blame,
 (Since you must Burn) that 'tis in such a Flame.

Try. To wear her Chaines, *Seleucus*, is to Me
 A Happiness transcending Liberty,
 Then doe no longer think it is my Love,
 But 'tis my Friendship does my Torment prove,
 Since with *Demetrius* I did once contract,
 I never yet, in Thought or Word or Act,
 Yielded to what might it in Question call,
 But now I feare, *Seleucus*, that I shall;
 For while that he by me employ'd has been
 To Court fair *Cleopatra* for my Queen,
 This other Beauty has so Conquer'd me,
 As without her thy Prince must Wretched be,
 Which justly my *Demetrius* will offend:
 Hard choice when I must wrong my Love or Friend.

Sel. Is this, Sir, the Misfortune you Lament?

Try. You ask as if Fate could a Worse have sent.

Sel. *Demetrius* would not Merit your Esteem,
 If that which makes your Joy should Trouble him.

Try. Yet that I shall offend him I must Grieve.

Sel. Such an Offence as this hee'l soon Forgive.

Try. My Grief, (though he forgave it) would not end,
 'Tis sad to need the Pardon of a Friend.

Sel. 'Tis more when Fortune does a Subject bring
 To such a height as to Forgive his King,
 That Glory will the heaviest Wrong outweigh.

Try. Through all this Darkness I might see some Day,
 If my *Demetrius* e're in Love had bin,
 For then hee'd judge this Change my Fate not Sin:
 Lovers still pay to Love a deep Respect,
 And where Love is, Causes excuse th' Effect.

Sel. At my request, Sir, banish all your Cate,
 Leave it to me to manage this Affair.

Try. Ah if to this thou giv'st a Happy End,
 Thou hast for ever made thy King thy Friend: *Embracing him.*
 'Tis not enough that he forgives my Sin,
 He must be still my Friend as he hath been
 For know I need, my Sorrows to remove,
 As much his Friendship, as my conquerors Love;

Since if to Win the Last I Lose the First,
I shall thereby at once be Blest and Curst.

[They goe out]

The End of the second Act

THE THIRD ACT.

The SCENE an obscure grove.

Enter Cleopatra and Hermione.

Cleo. **D**Oe not, my Deare *Hermione*, admire,
That to this Gloomy Grove I did retire,
Since here I thought I could my Heart Reveal,
While the kind Shade my Blushes did Conceal;
But now I find I'm in as High a Fright,
To tell my Fate in Darknes as in Light:
Shame, like the World when it in Chaos lay,
Knows not distinction betwixt Night and Day;
Ah, judge what are my Troubles, since I fear
Their sad Relation from my self to hear.

Her. No such Just cause of Grief your Fate can send
As, Madam, at this rate to use your Friend;
'Tis by that Pow'rful Name I beg again,
That you'l from me no longer hold your Pain,
Perhaps I may the Cause of it remove.

Cleo. Oh tell me first, have you been e're in Love.

Her. Why, Madam, doe you ask _____

Cleo. _____ Because I know
That none can ease my Pain that is not so.

Her. I was, but Love to Friendship did submit.

Cleo. Ah 'twas not Love, if ought could Conquer it,
You lov'd not well, or knew his Pow'r but Ill,
That say you were in Love and are not still,
The Name of Love for Love it self you took,
Since Reall Love can never be forsook:
Had yours been True, you might as well have swore
You doe not Live as that you Love no more.

Her. What you have spoken does, methinks, declare,
You to the Pow'r of Love no stranger are;
But would you thus reproach me if you knew
That what you now condemn I did for you?

Cleo. Why did you cease to be in Love for me?

Her. By many Proofs I did so clearly see

That

That such a Pleasing Sadness conquer'd you,
As I to Love could judge it only due,
And since Your Heart and Mine were still so like,
I fear'd one Arrow both of us did strike.

Cleo. Ah say not that your Heart resembles Mine,
Since you once Lov'd and could your Love decline,
Nor can I fancy who this Man can be,
Whom you could leave yet think could Conquer me.

Her. *Aretus* is ———

Cleo. *Aretus* did your name?

Her. And at that word your Face is in a Flame,
What Friendship should have done your Blushes doe,
They are to me more Kind and Just then you,
Why has *Hermione* been thus abus'd?

Cleo. May not one blush that's wrongfully accus'd?

Hor. But my Belief on a sure ground is built,
I see your Love to him, to me your Guilt,
Madam, a Blush, when Love is in the case,
Is in Effect the Conscience of the Face:
Though in this Secret you my Faith did doubt,
Deny it not now I have found it out.

Cleo. Too much your Friendship I have Wrong'd and Try'd,
My Blushes tell you what my Words deny'd;
Alas I fear I for *Aretus* prove
That Fatall State the World does call in Love;
Yet doe not, since I did but Hide my Flame,
Condemn my Friendship but Commend my Shame:
Nor blame me if to you I fear'd to show
What of my self I am asham'd to know;
But my, *Hermione*, since you could see
That Pow'rfull Passion which has Conquer'd me,
Spight of my Care to Cloud it, oh I fear
It may to others as to you appear;
Should that befall me which so much I dread,
Honour and Grief would justly strike me dead.

Her. That Fear you ought not, Madam, to admit.

Cleo. How did you then come to discover it?

Her. That Grief which when retir'd, you still exprest,
Made me Suspect what now you have confest,
For she who Greives while courted by a King,
Shews that such Grief alone from Love can spring;
And when I found you Lov'd, I quickly knew,
Your Love could be but to *Aretus* due,
Which since you have acknowledg'd, give me leave
To aske why *Tryphon's* Love you did receive;
Was not Ambition in your soul too strong?

Cleo. Doe not at once my Love and Virtue wrong

For if I had *Aretus* Passion known
I would have valu'd it above a Throne?

Her. But now tis known, why is it not embrac'd?

Cleo. Because my word was first to *Tryphon* past.

Her. As you my Love, so I your Love must blame,
Since you before your Love prefer your Fame.

Cleo. I should appear unfit for his Esteem
Did I not value more my Word then Him;

And this great Pleasure, to my Act is due,
That which does lose me him, deserves him too;

Ah why did not *Aretus* let me see,

That Passion which you say he has for me,
Before my Promise was to *Tryphon* past?

Her. But why to give it did you make such haste?

Cleo. I fear'd that he who did my Heart subdue,
Would, my *Hermione*, have seen it too,

And I his Love for ever would decline,
Rather then he should first discover mine;

'Twas fitter since I ow'd it to my Fame,
To suffer Ruine then to merit Shame;

Her. But e're you did admit the Kings Address,
Aretus looks did so much Flame express,
As sure you could not but his Passion see.

Cleo. That's not enough, he should have told it me,
But what see'r his Proofs of Love have been,
By me, Dear Friend, alas they were not seen,
For I so fear'd that I might act amiss

In my own Love that I ne're minded his;

Blushes a Womans Passion may reveal,

But Men their Passion by their Words should tell.

Her. Could he your Love more Generously seek,
Then to Deserve it and yet Nothing Speak?

Cleo. Rather what more could he have done amiss,
Then Lose my Love by so Concealing his?

A Love that is at once both Great and Strong,

While it doth Bind the Heart, Sets Free the Tongue;

And lest that mine should make me Faulty prove,

I to my Honour Sacrific'd my Love;

So I did fear, his Merit was so Great,

That asking Nothing he might All Things get.

Her. How cruell is your Vertue or your Fate

Which makes your Love produce th' Effects of Hate?

Cleo. *Aretus* yet more Cruelty does show,

That durst Love me, yet durst not tell me so.

Her. You doe him Double Wrong, since his Respect

You first Mistake, then Punish as Neglect;

Such awfull Flames you in his Heart have bred,

As he thinks Silence ought his Love to plead;

He but de fers to Speak what he does feel,
Till by his Actions you his Love may tell;
And to declare his Passion does delay,
Only to show it you the Noblest Way.

Cleo. Fatall Delay, the Fatal'st that could be,
It loses me to him and him to me;
Yet such a High Respect to him I pay,
That on My Self I'll Punish his Delay;
And since my Promise is to *Tryphon* made,
To Breake it Love it self shall not perswade;
That which for me your Friendship made me doe,
My Honour makes me now Perform for you;
Your Rivall I will never be again.

Her. I for *Aretus* did a Love but feign,
That in your Blushes, Madam, I might see
What by your Modesty was hid from me;
Yet had I lov'd, I'd not that Love pursue,
Since you best merit him as he does you;
But how can you so lust to Honour prove,
And yet resolve to be Unjust to Love?

Ah you much more then he have done amiss,
You prize your Word more then your Flame and his,
And by a Sacred Bond your self you Tye
To him you hate, and him you love you Fly.

Cleo I owe him less then I doe owe my Flame,
And fly not from his Love but from my Shame;
She to her Honour too Unjust does prove
Who dares not value it above her Love;
Prets me not then to Do what I should Shun,
Rather then be Unjust I'll be Undone:
Those who are lost while Virtue they pursue
In their Destruction find their Comfort too.

(They goe out.)

Enter Demetrius and Seleucus.

The SCENE *Demetrius's Apartment.*

Sel. Those were the Words which between us did pass,
But I perceive some Sadness in your Face.

Dem. My Heart and Face doe then but ill agree,
Since nothing could more welcome seem to me.

Sel. I cannot guess from whence your Joy should rise,
Since *Tryphon* told me 'twas by your Advice,
That he did offer her to be his Queen,
And, which is more, that you employ'd had been,
To Court her to be Consort to his Throne.

Dem. All this and more then this I freely owne,

For I not only woo'd her to be Queen,
But her Consent to be it I did win;
But why at this, *Seleucus*, do you start?

Sel. Alas what you have said has pierc'd my Heart;
Yet from my Friend I'll not my self disguise;
The Charming Light of *Cleopatra's* Eyes
Over my Soule the Victory did win,
But to herself this has a Secret been;
For, my *Demetrius*, I did judg it fit,
Not Words, but Service should discover it;
That High Respect I did resolve was due
To such a Beauty and such a Passion too;
Methinks at this which I have spoke you start,
I think her Beauties too have pierc'd your Heart.

Dem. How can you think for *Tryphon* I'd appear,
If I my self had been in Love with her?

Sel. But why should you such Satisfaction show,
That he declines what you advis'd him to?
Ah sure your Liberty she did surprize,
Since first to Court her you did him advise;
I see what Beauty has made *Tryphon* doe,
What it has wrought in him it may in you,
And what I said such Change in you did move,
As I have Cause t' impute it to your Love.

Dem. If any Change does in my Looks appear,
'Tis not, I vow, that I'm in Love with her.

Sel. Give me then leave there my Address to make.

Dem. That's what I cannot Give but you may Take.

Sel. Neither for *Tryphon* nor your self to woo,
And yet deny me leave to court her too?
I cannot guess what 'tis that you intend.

Dem. I were unfit to be *Seleucus's* Friend,
Should I act otherwise then now I doe,
For he who to one Friend does prove untrue,
That he may gaine another Friend's Esteem,
Deserves too justly to lose both of them:
Though I am yours above what I can say,
Yet I must be it too in Honours way;
In Friendship every other Tenure's ill,
By that mine has been held and shall be still.

Sel. Fate ore my hopes another Cloud does send,
I 'm Rival'd and by one that is your Friend;
But may you not acquaint me with his Name,
Who is my Fellow Martyr in this Flame?

Dem. No I'll be just to both, he shall not know
You Rivall him or that he Rivals you;
Yet both thus farr shall be oblig'd to me,
From *Tryphon's* Rivallship I'll set you free:

But

But did he not acquaint you with her Name
Who in his Heart has lighted such a Flame ?

Sel. So vast a Cause of Joy to me it prov'd
That he no longer *Cleopatra* lov'd ,
As I did not remember to inquire
Who this new Passion did in him inspire.

Dem. By what he said could you not guess at it ?

Sel. Ah ! he who *Cleopatra's* Love could quit ,
The Pow'r of Love forever must forswear ,
For could he Love, who should he love but her ?
Sure this new Love is but a Love of State ,
But he for our return too much may waite.

Dem. I long to know to whom he does Submit ,
As much as he that I'll consent to it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Nicanor , Stratonice , Aretus and Irene.

The S C E N E Nicanor's Pallace.

Ire. Sir that *Demetrius* may your Pardon winn ,
That he made *Tryphon* court her for his Queen ,
He bad me tell you every way hee'l try
To make that Love, which he gave Life to, Dy,
And hopes himself this night to let you know
He has perform'd what he has promis'd you.

Nic. I at this Promise so much Joy admit ,
As nought can Heighten but his doing it.

Stra. What e'r *Demetrius* hopes yet , Sir, I fear
Tryphon will not decline his Love for her.

Nic. *Demetrius* Pow'r with him you know is Great.

Stra. The Pow'r of Beauty , Sir, is Greater yet ,
And though th' Usurper were more fierce and strong ,
A Family like ours he durst not wrong.

Nic. Who dares in Royall Blood his hands imbrue ,
What is it , after, which he dares not doe ?
Nor can he think his leaving her a Crime ,
Since 'tis what we so much desire of him.

Stra. Though 'tis what we most wish yet, Sir, you know
Since none of us will tell him that 'tis so ,
'Twill as a Wrong on us to him appear ,
And therefore to perform it he will fear ,
For though *Antiochus's* Blood he spilt ,
Yet in a Crown he did contract that Guilt ,
And by the Wicked nothing can be known
Of too High Price, when 'tis to buy a Throne :
They will Do All, that they in one may Sit ,
But Suffer All rather then hazard it.

Nic.

Nic. Yet since *Demetrius* takes of it the care,
I of a good Event would not despair.

Stra. I fear th' Usurper will his Sute deny.

Nic. Let's not afflict our selves by Prophecy.

Are. The Wrath of Heaven must needs that man pursue
Who tyrannizes Men and Beauty too.

Stra. But though the Punishments from Heaven we know
Are alwayes Just, yet they are often Slow.

Are. When e'r a Subject does Usurpe a State,
Any Brave Man has Right to act his Fate:

The Gods make every Man a Judge of him

Who against every Man commits a Crime;

And Heav'n permitted him to act this last

T'invite us to Revenge all that is past;

What more to merit Death could *Tryphon* do,

Then to offend the Crown and Beauty too?

Nic. He whom the Gods into the Throne doe call,
Should therefore only by their Justice fall.

Are. Heaven's Justice Monarchs only should dethrone;
But Tyrants they abandon to our own;

The Right they give us we too much abuse,

Hoping they'll Act what we ourselves refuse;

The Pow'rs Divine we injure, while we thus

Remit to them what they have left to us.

Nic. Yet he's to blame who does to Death pursue
That Man to whom the Name of King is due.

Are. But him with greater Justice we should blame

Who as his due usurps that Sacred Name;

Since he our lawfull Monarch's Blood has spilt,

Who e'r revenges not contracts the Guilt.

Nic. If *Tryphon* by a Private Hand does fall,

That Hand wrongs him as much as he wrong'd all;

Th' Affronts which are on a whole Nation laid,

By that whole Nation ought to be repay'd;

It should not by a Single Hand be done.

Ar. What's due from All is due from Every one,

And since the *Syrians* doe decline to Pay

That Righteous Debt, I that am willing may.

Nic. Doe you their Thoughts by Silence understand?

Ar. Their Silence in this case is their Comand;

Who is it at his Reign does not repine

That to gain Pow'r kill'd all the Royal Line?

Such Usurpation every one does fright.

Nic. Where none can Claim, Possession is a Right.

Ar. All have more Right, since he those Crimes has done;

To *Tryphon's* Life then he has to the Crown:

Fair *Cleopatra's* Danger calls on us

To free her and revenge *Antiochus*:

'Twere Sin if longer we the Crimes withstood
Of Injur'd Beauty and of Guiltless Blood.

Nic. Suspend this Generous Anger till we know
What in her Cause *Demetrius* can doe.

Ar. But if *Demetrius*, Sir, should not prevail.

Nic. I then will find a way which shall not fail.

Ar. May you not, Sir, discover it to me;

Nic. Not till th' Event of this Design I see,
Then I engage, if he successles prove,
I'll free my Daughter from th' Usurpers Love;
Be pleas'd, Sir, to depend on what I say.

Ar. What you Command 'tis fit I should Obey.

(They goe out.)

Enter Tryphon, Demetrius, and Seleucus.

The SCENE Tryphon's Apartment.

Try. Though many Proofs you gave that you'r my Friend,
Yet this last Proof does all the rest transcend,
For you in this have evidently shown
That you are more my Friend then you'r your own;
Never was any Torment yet above
That in which Friendship does contest with Love;
But what you now have done has cur'd my Pain.

sel. When of your Fate you did to me complain,
I told you from *Demetrius* you would find
A Cure for all th' Afflictions of your Mind.

Try. You did, I of his Friendship judg'd amiss,
I fear'd twas not what now I find it is;
But yet I cannot say that I am more
His Friend since this then I was heretofore,
My Kindness for you to such Height was grown
As it could not admit Accession. ———— [*Embracing Demetrius.*]

Dem. Ah, Sir, those Words which now were spoke by you
O're pay all I have done or e're can do,
Yet I may say, and not Presumptuous be,
Some Reparation, Sir, was due to me,
Since you could doubt I valu'd any thing
Above the Blessing, Sir, to serve my King.

Try. That Error to repair, I'll now employ
Only your self to place me in my Joy;
By such Fair Eyes my Heart has been surpriz'd,
As I adore that Passion I despis'd;
I who till now Loves Votaries did blame,
Find him a God I thought was but a Name:
This Heart which has been bred in War and Blood,
And all Death's Horrors dauntlessly withstood,

Charm'd by Loves Magick trembles with such Fear,
 As I her Conquest dare not tell to her;
 Which shoves that in her Bright Triumphant Eyes
 A Fate more to be fear'd, then Dying, lyes;
 Your Help, my Dear *Demetrius*, I must Seek,
 To tell her what to her I dare not speak.

Dem. Whatever you Command I must Obey,
 Yet pardon me if I presume to say,
 How can she think you to her Eyes submit
 If you your self, Sir, will not tell her it?

Try. Ah in this answer I your Fear perceive,
 That I'll repeat that Fault you did forgive;
 No, my first Love was but a Love of State,
 But this Love is as much my Choice as Fate;
 She with so strange a Fire my Breast does fill,
 As I to quench it want the Pow'r and Will.

Dem. Permit me then th' Employment to decline;
 For since her Beauties with such Lustre Shine,
 They may wound me, for 'tis a likelier thing
 She should subdue a Subject then a King.

Try. I know your Friendship which you have for me
 Against her Eyes your Antidote will be.

Dem. Yet Vassals, Sir, and Monarchs are alike,
 When e'r the Dart of Love or Death does strike.

Try. Let not such Fear your Sacred Friendship blot;
 Why should you doubt it when I doubt it not?
 But to confirm you, know you oft have seen
 Her whom I'd have you count to be my Queen;
 And since to her Bright Eyes you did not bow
 Ere I ador'd them, you'll not doe it now;
 For, my *Demetrius*, tis her Beauties Right,
 That who can Love must Love her at first Sight,
 Nor shall I think, if you th' Employment wave,
 You have forgiv'n me as you said you have.

Dem. Ah then, Sir, 'tis unfit I struggle more,
 Tell me that Beauties name which you adore,
 And all her Charms, to serve you, I'll despise,
 This Sir I vow.

Try. Her name is ——— *Stratanice* (*Demetrius starts and trembles*)
 Why at that Name Tremble you thus and start?

Dem. Oh why am I Condemn'd to Act this Part?
 Alas how can I to that Beauty goe,
 Whose Sister you by me have injur'd so?
 Who are to one another too so Kind,
 As Friendship them does more then Nature bind:
 They are alike concern'd in all they do,
 And who wrongs one does wrong the other too.

Try:

Try. These Words have almost made my Joys compleat;
 For since their Friendship is so Firm and Great,
 I shall, presenting *Stratonice* my Crown,
 Repair what to her Sister I have done,
 Who since the Wrong she did by you Endure,
 'Tis just she should from You Recieve her Cure.
 By this a Trebble Gainer you will be,
 For you'll oblige Yourself, and Her and Me.

Dem. Oh Sir, forgive me if I let you know,
 That 'tis your Love not Reason argues so,
 For to their Friendship it will give an End,
 Should she wed him who has so wrong'd her Friend;
 Honour would make her too the Throne despise
 To which she by her Sisters Fall must Rise;
 That Family to visit I'm unfit,
 Having so much affronted one of it.

Try. I wrong but one while I my Love recall,
 But marrying th' other I oblige them All;
 That Family will with a Fault dispence,
 Whose Reparation does exceed th' Offence;
 'Twas Interest my first Addres did move,
 But this Address is the Result of Love;
 Whatever Fault True Love does make us do,
 Must carry with th' Offence the Pardon too:
 On this Obliging Embassy then goe,
 And let me to my Friend my Mistress owe;
 Lay at her Feet at once my Crown and Heart,
 My Joy depends on th' Acting of your Part.

[Demetrius offers to speak.

Then Strive no more, since what I ask you now
 Is what you owe My Friendship and Your Vow;
 While *Stratonice* you to my Throne invite,
 To *Cleopatra* my Excuse I'll write.

(Tryphon goes out.)

Demetrius stands gazing after him.

Seleucus Enters.

sel. You in your Looks have so much trouble shown,
 As I dare hardly venter you alone;
 So great and Moving your Disorders be,
 As I partake in Griefs which I but see.

Dem. Alas, I have reciev'd so strange a Blow,
 As I endure more Grief then I can show.

sel. To my unequall'd Friendship be so just,
 As to commit your Secret to my Trust;
 To cure those Sorrows under which you Bend,
 Imploy the Life and Service of your Friend;

Some

Some Fatall Grief does now your Soul surprize,
Or you are too in Love with *Stratonice*,
For I perceiv'd, when he pronounc'd her Name,
You trembled and your Face was in a Flame.

Dem. Admire not at those Sorrows which I show,
Since you their Cause at once both ask and know;
On me what sharper Curse could Fortune bring,
Then make my Rivall be my Friend and King.

Sel. Under the like Misfortune I did Bow,
And Suffer'd Lately what you Suffer Now;
Since his Inconstancy my Pain has Cur'd,
Be in my Fortune of your own assur'd.

Dem. Who thinks, does know her Beauties Pow'r but ill,
That who once Lov'd her will not Love her still.

Sel. Doe not by that Belief your Grief Inflame,
Of *Cleopatra's* Eyes I thought the same;
His Friendship sure as strong for you will be,
As his Inconstancy has been for me.

Dem. Have you forgotten what he lately said,
'Twas a State Love he *Cleopatra* paid.
But o're this Love what can the Conquest get,
Which makes State Interest resign to it?
Than do not think he did your Fear remove
By his Inconstancy but by his Love;
Our Stars on us with different Influence Shine,
What wrought your Cure makes me despair of mine.

Sel. Part of your Secrets trusted to my Breast,
To serve you, I now beg to know the Rest;
You told me *Stratonice* had Conquer'd you,
Now let me know if she does Love you too.

Dem. Ah if I were not in that happy State,
Why should I thus exclaim against my Fate?

Sel. I cannot See, since you are sure of her,
Why you the King should as a Rivall fear;
Since she does You and Virtue so esteem,
She'll value you more then she'll value him.

Dem. Her Love to me and Virtue Shine so clear,
As 'twere a Sin her Rivallship to fear;
No 'tis not that from whence my Sorrows rise,
But I, not dreaming he lov'd *Stratonice*,
Am by a Fatall yet a Solemn Vow
Ingag'd to Court for him my Mistress now;
Should I not doe it I my self Forswear,
And doing it I Wrong my Love and her;
Never Misfortune did so cruel prove,
I must betray my Friend or else my Love;
Selencus, 'tis a Horrid Choice, when I,
Rather then either choose, would choose to Dy;

Sel.

Sel. Your Case is hard, it cannot be deny'd,
 Yet *Stratonice's* Love is on your side;
 I against Fortune justlier might repine,
 For that Fate you deplore I wish were Mine;
 That *Cleopatra's* Love might be for me,
 I would consent he should my Rivall be;
 But since the King your Passion never knew,
 And since his Friendship is so firm to you,
 Hide not from him the Pain that you are in;
 Friendship o're Love the Victory may win.

Dem. Ah if I told him I his Rivall am,
 And that his Mistress does approve my Flame,
 Alas a much more likely Way 'twil prove,
 To Raise his Height then to Suppress his Love;
 My Flame must therefore be conceal'd by you,
 Rivals in Love and Friends none ever knew.

Sel. My Faith in Such a Secret doe not fear,
 Tell me the Course that you resolve to Steer,
 That I in it may usefull be to you. [*Demetrius studies a while.*]

Dem. I am resolv'd to Doe what I did Vow,
 For were I Guilty of so Mean a Thing
 As to be False both to my Freind and King,
 And should thereby my End in Love obtain,
 The Joy would scarce be equall to the Pain;
 Perhaps she will not be to me Severe,
 When Sacred Friendship only made me err,
 Methinks it were Injustice to suspect,
 When that's the Cause, that shee'll condemn th' Effect,

Sel. While such an Unexampled Act you do,
 She cannot Blame so much as Pitty you.

Dem. To lose her yet Deserve her is more fit,
 Then to Posses her and not Merit it.

[*They goe out*]

The End of the Third Act

THE FOURTH ACT.

Stratonice Demetrius and Irene.

The SCENE Nicanors Pallace.

Ire. to Such are the Sorrows he does now endure,

Str. As, if You be not, Death will be his Cure.

Stra. Those Griefs, *Demetrius*, which in you I see
 Contagious prove and have infected me;

I

You

You are Unkind since you the Cause conceal
Of Sorrows whose Effect your Looks reveal.

Dem. Madam I hop'd you rather would deplore
Those Grievs I fear, then load me thus with more,
Judge with what Malice Fate does me pursue,
Since I'm affraid to tell my Grief to you,
To you who only have the Pow'r to Cure
Those Matchles Miseries which I endure.

Stra. Alas what you have told me now, I find,
More then your Silence is to me Unkind,
For you lament, and in a high degree,
Those Grievs whose Cure you say depends on me:
What have I done that you should use me so?

Dem. Ah Madam, sure you my Transgression know,
Or your Resentments could not be so High,
As by such Cruel Words to make me Dye,
Which now I humbly begg your leave to doe,
Since twice you say I was unkind to you;
But for those Words I never could have thought,
That my Misfortune did Transcend my Fault,
I must Despair your Pardon now to win,
My Grief for needing it being judg'd my Sin.

Stra. You never my Resentments did provoke
But by your Silence and what now you spoke.

Dem. Would to the Gods I never had, then I
Should but Unhappy and not Guilty Dye,
But I alas must by a Fatall Oath
Ending my Life contract the Guilt of both,
This is my Fate whatever I shall doe.

Stra. I feare your Sorrows have Distracted you.

Dem. Alas Distraction, Madam, would appear
A Happiness compar'd to what I bear,
For though the Joys I in your Love Recieve
Transcend all those which Heaven to me can give,
Yet I those Charming Glories must foregoe,
And to my self the Sin thereof must owe.

Stra. Demetrins, I believ'd you had a Soul
Which could th' approaches of Despair controul.

Dem. Condemn not, Madam, the Despair I show,
Since Tryphon is Declar'd my Rivall now.

Stra. Since this is the Misfortune you deplore,
I have more cause to Blame you then before,
For could you Grieve at this, did you not fear
I would his Crown above your Love prefer?
By your first Fault you did but wrong my Love,
But this a wrong does to my Vertue prove;
Alas what two worse Actions could you doe,
Then thus to doubt my Love and Vertue too.

Dem

Dem. Ah Madam, if you would have heard me out,
 You would have found that I do neither doubt,
 For Nothing can to either equall be,
 But that Misfortune which, has fall'n on me;
 When I thus grieve he does my Rivall prove;
 I feare his Cruelty, not doubt your Love;
 But though his Fire for you I must Lament,
 Yet Fate on you a sharper Curse has sent;
 For he not knowing I his Rivall am,
 Imployes me to acquaint yon with his Flame;
 To court you for him I am hither sent
 And he his Rival makes his Confident.

Str. He has more cause to mourn for this then you.

Dem. Yet to a Trust Fidelity is due,
 That Man who can be faithless to his Friend,
 Though 'tis in Love, deserves to lose his End:
 Could I but one Unworthy Action do,
 I should by it forfeit my Right in you,
 And though you might to Pardon me think fit
 Yet to my self I ne're could Pardon it.

Stra. Heaven this strict Virtue does in you Inspire,
 Which therefore I Condemn not but Admire;
 Then with what you did Promise him Comply,
 But what you ask for Him I'll still Deny;
 Thus you to Friendship's Duty Just may prove,
 And I as Faithfull to the Rights of Love.

Dem. Oh gods! What is *Demetrius's* Offence,
 That you to him so strange a Fate dispence;
 Your Fiercest Anger could not plague him worse,
 Then thus to turn his Blessings to his Curse;
 Your Love and Vertue which should give Releif;
 But more contributes to Augment my Grief,
 Yes, Madam, your Inconstancy and Hate
 Had been to me a less Tormenting Fate,
 Less Horror I had felt from Deaths Assault
 Caus'd by my Mistress Justice then my Fault;
 I'me as Unfortunate as you are Fair.

Stra. Alas what causes in you this Despair?
 Since I have let you know how you might be
 Just to your Vowes, to *Tryphon*, and to Me.

Dem. 'Tis more then all the World has Pow'r to doe,
 I must be False to Him or False to You,
 For not believing he Ador'd your Eyes,
 I swore a solemn Oath I would despise
 His Conquerors Charmes to serve him, thus you see
 I must Forsake you or must Perjur'd be,
 I know which of the two I ought to doe,
 'Tis less to loose then be unfit for you;

Heaven

Heaven which your Merits and my Faults has known
 Calls me to Death, you to the *Syrian* Throne;
 Death is to my Ambitious Passion due
 Which from the Throne can only hinder you,
 My Fate I therefore shall Undaunted bear,
 Since 'tis my Ruine helps to raise you there.

Stra. Could I of what you now propose admit,
 I of that Throne should judge my self Unfit;
Tryphon, to gain it, has acquir'd such Hate,
 As 'tis scarce strong enough to bear his Weight,
 And to his Guilt if I should add my own,
 'Twould be a Certain Way to sinke the Throne.

Dem. If with his Pow'r your Virtue you doe mix,
 Madam, the Throne you would not Sink but Fix;
 Then what he offers you vouchsafe to take,
 Both for your own and for your Countries sake.

Stra. My Country will deserve those Chaines shee's in,
 Could she consent to Break them by my Sin.

Dem. Your Country cannot charge them with a crime,
 Since, Madam, I Resign you up to Him.

Stra. Resign me up to him! Ah you shall find,
 That I to *Tryphon* will not be Resign'd;
 Now you Pretend to more then you can Do,
 For you'd Forsake me and Bestow me too;
 You may, if you think fit, your Love Resign,
 But I, *Demetrius*, ne're can alter mine.

Dem. Ah the more Kindness you to me Express,
 You still to it Intitle me the less.

Stra. I see'twas clearly what you told me now,
 And mourn your Sin more then the Losing you;
 Yet I by Scorning *Tryphon* will make known,
 I Value you more then the *Syrian* Throne;
 If to your Guilt I so Oblieging prove,
 Ah judge what I'de have been unto your Love;
 Farewell, you are the first the World e're knew
 Who Lov'd his Mistress and Forsook her too.

Stratonice and Irene go out.
Demetrius gazing after them.

Dem. Thus when the Sun from us withdraws his Light,
 He leaves the World to Horror and to Night;
 Why to the Throne did Heaven let *Tryphon* climb
 And then Revenge on me my Truth to him?
 Prodigious is my Fate, my Death I find
 In Friendships being True and Beauty Kind;
 Oh Gods! to what must I hereafter Trust?
 Since you Destroy me but for being Just;

If

If you for Virtue onely will Admit,
Why am I Ruin'd for pursuing it? [He goes out.]

Cleopatra and Hermione,

Cleopatra *holding Tryphon's letter in her hand.*

The SCENE the Garden of Nicanor's Palace.

Cleo. To Court and gain my leave his Queen to be,
And after dare thus to Abandon me!
Th' Affront which he therein on me would lay,
Can only by his Blood be wash'd away.

Her. Why should his leaving you your Anger move,
Since now you may Accept *Aretus* Love?
That Fatal Promise which eclips'd your Joy
Tryphon's Inconstancy does now Destroy.

Cleo. I should *Aretus* Flame too much Abuse,
If I gave him what *Tryphon* does Refuse.

Her. Sure, Madam, if you argue at this rate,
To lose *Aretus* is your Choice not Fate.

(Enter *Aretus*.)

Ar. Madam, I bring before your Justice now
One who has been so Criminal to you,
As he no longer could deferr to come,
And beg he may from you Receive his Doom?
He would have free'd you from pronouncing it,
But that he did believe it was unfit,
Since against you he did commit the Crime,
That any but your self should Sentence him;
His Sorrow for his Sin must needs be High,
Since he himself makes it his Suit to Dye.

Cleo. Who e're, *Aretus*, has Offended me,
And then does Grieve for it to such degree,
As proves it was not his Design but Fate,
Deserves my Pardon rather than my Hate.
And since by me he is exempt from Blame,
You safely may acquaint me with his Name,
And in what 'tis he did so guilty prove.

Ar. I am th' Offender and th' Offence is Love,
By my Respects to you I Guilty am;
'Tis they alas make me miscall my Flame,
For those blest Fires which on your Altar shine
Are not more Sacred or more Pure than mine,
Judge, Madam, of your Beauties Influence,
Which makes me call such Love as this Offence;
A Love which does produce so bright a Flame,
As nothing can Displease you but the Name.

K

Cleo.

Cleo. Aretus, I'me Amaz'd at what you say.

Ar. But yet my Vows to you I durst not pay,
Till you to *Tryphon* gave that Fatal leave,
Which show'd you might a Lovers Vows Receive,
And since you did not his Address decline,
It made me Hope that you might Pardon mine;
For he ne're did what a Brave Man should do,
Unless it were in Daring to Love you;
I would not therefore make my Passion known,
While he by his might place you on a Throne,
And yet that Throne appear'd to you Unfit,
Since such a Tyrant once had sate in it,
But now that he your Service has Forlook,
I come to beg those Chains which he hath Broke;
I would have begg'd I might Revenge you too,
But he has done it by Forsaking you;
Heaven could on him no Greater Curse have sent
For such a Sin than such a Punishment.

Cleo. Th' Affront's too Great which he has laid on me,
To think his Choice his Punishment should be,
But since you say your Love for me is Strong,
Prove what you say by Punishing this Wrong;
The Tyrants Guard will but in vain Withstand,
A rip'ned Vengeance from a Lovers Hand,

Ar. Of such a sharp Revenge you well might Boast,
Would you give me that Blessing he has Lost,
'Twill be much Worse for him than to be Dead,
To see me have what he has Forfeited.

Cleo. Aretus hold, while I my self perswade
Not to Resent what you so boldly said,
And to obtain me, Love would have you do
But what your Country's Wrongs do call you to,
You can against my just Commands contend,
Though Glory be your Way, and Love your End,
'Tis onely I who a fit Judge can prove,
In what relates to my Revenge or Love;
'Tis just you knew, since you my Love have sought,
The bravest Price at which it can be bought.

Cleo. and Herm. go out.

Ar. O Love, O Friendship, and O Fatal Vow!
To which shall I pay my Obedience now?
My Friend has done that which he promis'd me,
And I from *Tryphon's* Rivalship am free,
By which my Vow and Friendship ties my Hand,
From Acting what my Mistress does command,
In Love for ever I must miss my End,
Or must be false both to my Oath or Friend;

Fortune

Fortune to me too Tyrannous does prove,
Opposing thus my Vertue to my Love,
And yet I Merit what I suffer now,
Since I could make so criminal a Vow.

Demetrius comes in.

Heaven, my *Demetrius*, does you hither send,
That you the Torments I am in may end.
What I more wish than Life or Fear than Death
Does now entirely Hang upon your Breath,
For neither those nor ought that I can name
Should come in Balance with my Love or Fame.

Dem. If I can ease your Pains, you'll do me Wrong
If you Suspect they shall Afflict you long;
Tell me what Service I must p y you now.

Ar. You know you made me make a hasty Vow,
That I th' Usurpers Life would not Pursue.

Dem. Has he not Done that which I Promis'd you,
And from your Mistress does his Love recall?

Ar. 'Tis therefore by my Hands that he must Fall.

Dem. Rage o're your Reason has the Empire got,
You'll kill him when your Rival and when not.

Ar. From this Resolve nothing can me Remove,
His Life does Rival me as did his Love,
For *Cleopatra* will not mine Admit,
Till *Tryphon's* Death evince the Truth of it;
'Tis therefore by your Friendship that I now
Beg you to free me from that Guilty Vow.

Dem. That Hate which she for *Tryphon* doth Express
Ought sure to make your Hatred for him Cease,
Since *Cleopatra Tryphon* does abhor
Onely because he Rivals you no more.

Ar. I find some Reason in what now you say,
But I find Greater her Command t' Obey;
Since I'de have kill'd him while I did but Fear,
That from my Hopes he might have Ravish'd Her,
How can I now th' Usurpers Death delay,
Since to Obtain her 'tis the certain Way?
Heaven which my Sacred Flame for her does know,
And that same chiefly made me take that Vow,
Pittyng that on a Love so free from Guilt
The Safety of a Tyrant should be Built,
Does, to Repair that Sin it did contract,
Ingage me now by Love his Fate to Act,
'Twas fit, as Love made me the Sin commit,
So it should free me from the Guilt of it;
Since too by Friendship I to it was won,
Let Friendship free me from't as Love has done.

Dem.

Dem. Sure such Discourse as this you'de not approve;
Did you conferr your Reason with your Love.

Ar. Ah this Reproach you cast upon me now
Would have been Just when I did make the Vow,

A hated Name you for your self will win,
Making the killing of a Tyrant sin;

Can you then more for an Usurper do,
Than for your Friend and for your Country too?

Dem. To what you Ask I cannot Condescend,
In Kindness to my Country and my Friend.

Ar. Alas you'l shew that you abhor them Both,
If you will not absolve me from an Oath,

By which your Friend the happiest Man may be,
And Syria will from Tyranny be free.

Dem. To Grant what you Desire would be so farr,
From Ending Tyranny, 'twill Raise a War.

Ar. Though I consider War as no small Curse,
Yet to be Rul'd by an Usurper's worse.

Dem. All would, were Tryphon kill'd, fight for the Throne,
'Tis worse to have Many Tyrants than but One.

Ar. If by our Hands they saw this Tyrant fall,
'Twould frighten Usurpation from them all.

Dem. The Pow'r so fully Tryphon's Friends engross,
As they on us would soon Revenge his Loss,

And Syria would such ill by War endure,
As the Disease seems easier than the Cure.

Ar. Such as to fight for his Revenge would dare,
Are people fit to be destroy'd by War.

Dem. But by the Pow'r they have so long enjoy'd,
They're likelier to destroy then be destroy'd.

Ar. Ah you your self what now you said must blame,
Or must think Justice but an empty Name;

Who has the Right has on his side the Odds,
Else chance does Rule the World and not the Gods.

Dem. The Right Antiochus had on his side,
And yet alas by Tryphon's Sword he dy'd.

Ar. You know that hapless Monarch did not dye
By Tryphon's Force but by his Trechery;

Those onely then to bear his Yoke are fit
Who can Fear ought more than to suffer it;

Do not a Guilt so great as this pursue.

Dem. I have more Cause to be his Foe than you,
For he is fall'n in Love with Stratonice,

And me he did into a Vow surprize,
Before to me his Conquerefs he did name,

That I would Help and Serve him in his Flame,
By which the Death of Tryphon you may see,

Cannot more Grateful prove to you than me,

But

But my concerns from *Syria* are above
 Even those I have for *Stratonice's* Love;
 Then doe not Blame me, if I hinder you
 From Doing what I think is Sin to Doe.

Ar. The Justice of the Gods in this you see,
 He punishes in you your Guilt to me;
 You Cross my Love and bind me to my Oath;
Tryphon alike Revenges me in both;
 'Tis Heaven permits him thus to do you Wrong;
 Because his Death you have delay'd so long.

Dem. That Wrong you mention I with Patience take,
 Since I'm convinc'd it is for *Syria's* sake;
 By me be taught to give your Passion Lawes,
 And Bravely Suffer for your Contry's cause;
 Farewell, to Sacred Virtue let us trust;
 The Gods would not be Gods were they not Just.

(*Demetrius offers to goe out.*)

Aretus draws his sword.

Ar. *Demetrius* stay.

Dem. — Ha! what meane you now?

Ar. Since you Deny to free me from my Vow;
 By which my Hopes of *Cleopatra* End,
 And *Syria* must under a Tyrant Bend,
 Either of which, too Cleerly you must see,
 Is worse a thousand times then Death to me,
 Thus I cast off that Friendship which does prove
 So Fatall to my Country and my Love;
 My Death must End the Grief of losing both,
 Or yours Absolve me from my Guilty Oath.

Dem. Put up your Sword, for when this Storm is Laid,
 You'll Curse your self for what you now have said;
 Though to your Rage your Friendship you Resign,
 Yet you shall see nothing can alter mine.

Ar. How dare you mention Friendship's Sacred Name
 And yet Oppose my Country, Love, and Fame?
 By that Enchanting Word you shall not now
 That payment Stop which to these three I Owe.
 Draw or I'll kill thee.

Dem. — Heare me but one Word.

Ar. I will not hear thee till thou draw'st thy Sword.

Dem. Then thus I draw it, but to Heaven I Vow
 I'll soner Kill my self with it then You.

Ar. Thy Guilt to me thy Courage has betray'd,
 It makes *Demetrius* now of Death afraid.

L

Dem.

Dem. When thou reflect'st the King my Rivall is,
How by my Oath I have lost *Stratonice*,
And how thy self on whom I did rely
Art from my Friend become my Enemy,
It may perhaps to thee a Truth appeare,
That Death is what I Wish not what I Feare;
What I have told thee now I thus make good;

[*Opening his doublet and spreading his armes.*

Here quench thy Rage in my Unguarded Blood,
And in such Death no Grief I shall endure,
But that thy Rage not Friendship acts the Cure.

(*Aretus turns away.*

Why dost thou turn away? we are Agreed,
My Death is what thou Seek'st and what I Need.

Ar. Oh my *Demetrius*; that which now you doe
Is worse then not to Free me from my Vow;
For Friendship's sake methinks you should not give
Words worse then Death, yet after let me Live.

Dem. If this appears a Cruelty to thee,
Then be not Guilty of the like to me.

Ar. I but provok'd you to that High Degree
To get that Death from you you seek from me.

Dem. Such Wounds from You and Fate I now Recieve,
As I much rather Death would Take then Give.

Ar. I hop'd for me your Friendship was so High,
As, when you found *Tryphon* or I must Dye,
You then to Kill him your Consent would give,
Or let me the Denyal not Survive,
But now alas both are refus'd by you.

Dem. Ah doe not blame what Honour makes me doe,
You know how much *Tryphon* my Friend has bin.

Ar. Call you him Friend who's Guilty of the sin
Of Tying you by Oath from *Stratonice*?

Dem. He does not know that he my Rivall is,
But, she whom I acquainted with it now,
And how I was surpris'd into my Vow,
Does Scorn his Passion and Condemn my Crime
In being False to her and true to him,
For thus she tearmes what my Oath binds me to,
By which I am under such Torments now,
As if the Gods should but one day deny
The Cure I need, the Grief will make me die;
So long your Aimes at *Tryphons* Death suspend,
'Tis but one day and beg'd too by your Friend.

Ar. So long I'll respite Justice for your sake,
But know, so long I shall be on the Racke.

Dem. Heaven Knows, which on us both such Ills has thrown,
That I lament Your Sufferings as my Own. *They goe out embracing.*

Enter

Enter Tryphon and Nicanor.

The SCENE Tryphons Pallace.

Try. Yes, in my first Address my chiefeſt End
Was by Alliance to make you my Friend,
And this Address to the like End does move,
But with th' Addition of a Deathleſs Love;
The Bond between us nothing can Undoe,
When ty'd by Love and by Alliance too.

Nic. That Honor you to *Stratonice* deſign
Deſerves her beſt Acknowledgments and mine.

Try. You then Conſent I place her in my Throne.

Nic. Sir, it were fir you firſt Obtain'd her Own,
For as by Natures Dictates ſhe is led
Not without my Conſent her ſelf to Wed,
So 'twould in me Unnaturall appear,
Should I without her leave diſpoſe of Her.

Try. 'Twould much Advance the Union I purſue,
If I could tell her 'tis Approv'd by you.

Nic. Too much to me it like Injuſtice ſhowes
T' Approve that Union till I know ſhe Does.

Try. You'll make me doubt, your Scruples are ſo nice,
That you on it do ſet too Low a Price.

Nic. No Sir, I doe Eſteem her as I ought,
Call not my Duty to my Child a Fault.

Try. I Know what e'r you Pleaſe ſhee'll alwayes Do,
And therefore I'll alike Aſcribe to you
Thoſe Charming Joys I in her Love ſhall find,
As all my Torments ſhould ſhe prove Unkind;
To you, *Nicanor*, I this Ev'ning give,
T'ingage her, my Addreſſes to receive,
But if to be Rejected be my Fate,
Know I'll reſent it at the Higheſt Rate.

Nic. I'll Rather to a Punishment ſubmit,
Then to the Guilt of what may Merit it.

(Tryphon and Nicanor goe out ſeverall wayes.)

Enter Cleopatra and Seleucus.

The SCENE Nicanors Pallace.

Sel. Though *Tryphon* does to me much Favour ſhow,
Yet, Madam, the Reſpect to you I owe
Makes me abhor th' Affront he did to you,
And makes me offer to Revenge it too.

All

All men Condemn that which he now hath Done
 More then they doe his Usurpation;
 Since it in Reason cannot be deny'd,
 But that Inconstancy is worse then Pride;
 Pride oft in Heighthned Souls does it self show,
 Inconstancy Rules only in the Low,
 And since your Sex does your own Hand Confine,
 From Acting your Revenge, accept of mine.

Cleo. That Generous Sence you of my Wrongs doe show,
 And the Brave Offer which you make me now,
 Joyn'd with that Friendship which I alwayes see
 You have both for *Nicanor* and for me,
 Makes me believe I should Unjustly doe,
 If I in ought could hide my Greif from you;
 Know then my Wrongs to me so Weighty seem,
 As I am Rack'd till I'm Reveng'd on him;
 And know that no Revenge can Grateful be,
 But one as Vast as is the Injury.

Sel. Will you not judge that our Deposing him
 Is a Revenge proportion'd to his Crime?

Cleo. Ah talk not of deposing him, you know
 That's less then what you to your Country owe,
 For *Syria's* Wrongs and mine will you pursue
 A less Revenge then is to either due?
 And for those Sins which he has Done before,
 Will you Restraine him but from Doing more?

Sel. *Tryphon* will find, since he in Crimes was bred,
 That such Restraint is worse then to be Dead;
 To one Depos'd what Sentence can you give
 So Cruel as Condemning him to Live;
 Some Generous men who did that Fate endure,
 To shun the shame in Death have Sought the Cure.

Cleo. A Generous man, *Selenus*, I will owne,
 Finds Death an Ease when he has lost his Throne;
 But he whose Soul is Low, and Crimes are High,
 Thinks it the Greatest Punishment to Dye;
 And that Revenge has still the Sharpest bin,
 Which is held such by him who did the Sin.

Ah for my Wrongs there's no Revenge seems Good
 That is not written in th' Offenders Blood;
 In all else you Propose you Lose your Breath,
 And to Obliege me you must aske his Death.

Sel. If nothing else your Anger can atone,
 Madam, depend upon't, it shall be Done;
 But 'tis a Deed so Daring and Sublime,
 That to Perform it will require some time;
 Though I his Guards command, I dare not yet
 Trust them with things so Dangerous and Great.

Cleo.

Cleo. To Dangerous Acts the Brave should alwayes run,
Those must not be Consulted of but Done;
A Tyrants Pow'r still on his Life depends,
Who cuts it off cuts off with it his Friends;
But that you may this Deed the boldier doe,
My Secrets I will now Disclose to you.

Aretus who your Friendship does Possess,
And who is Gallant ev'n to an Excess,
Courts my Affection to a High Degree,
And I must Blushing say is Own'd by me;
In my Revenge him I engag'd of late,
He shall joyn with you to Act *Tryphons* Fate,
Which by th' Usurper cannot be declin'd,
When two such Men his Ruine have design'd;
But some Disorders in your Looks I see.

Sel. Why have you Trusted any one but Me?
I am perplex'd that you Revenge Design,
And yet make use of any Arm but Mine.

Cleo. Into new Griefs me my Revenge had Thrown,
If I had ow'd so Great a Debt to one,
I therefore chuse to share it betwixt two,
Love does in him what Friendship does in you.

Sel. Yes, to *Aretus*, Madam, I'll be Just,
He does Deserve this Honour and this Trust;
Wee'l both Consult which is the surest Way,
In this Great Work your Orders to Obey.

Cleo. This Favour no Addition can admit,
But by Celerity in Doing it,
Since while my Best Revenge you both defer,
I feel those Pains which *Tryphon* ought to bear.

[*Cleopatra goes out.*]

Seleucus alone.

O Prodigy of Fate! I hither came
T' Acquaint Fair *Cleopatra* with my Flame;
And scarce could doubt but I should Happy prove,
Since I through her Revenge did Court her Love;
But e'r my Heart I at her Feet could lay,
She tels me she has giv'n her Own away,
Nay more in her Revenge shee'd have me Joyn
With him who most of all does Merit Mine:
Never was any Lovers Fate so hard,
The Danger I must Share, not the Rewards
Was it her Ignorance or else her Art,
Thus to accept my Hand but not my Heart?
Aretus hitherto has been my Friend,
But Love now to that Name does give an End,
And to Obtain her he shall quickly see
He must not only *Tryphon* Kill but Me.

THE FIFTH ACT.

The SCENE is Nicanors Pallace.

The Scene opens.

Tryphon Demetrius Stratonice and Irene. Demetrius from behind
Tryphon fixes his Eyes on Stratonice, folds his Armes the one
Within the other, Sighs and goes out still gazing on her.

Try. **N**icanor and Demetrins having been
Imploy'd by me to Court you for my Queen;
And having found by both that my Address
Has not obtain'd the much desir'd Success;
I now am Come, Madam, to wait on you,
To pay that Love which to your Beautie's due.
A Love which 'twere Injustice to despise,
Since 'tis the pow'rful Influence of your Eyes.

Stra. That Love which now is offer'd me by you
Is, Sir, to Cleopatra only due;
Th' Injustice then much Greater would appear,
Should I usurp that which belongs to her;
Then doe not, Sir, Sollicit me to do
A Wrong to Nature and to Justice too;
T'were Sin if such Desires were not deny'd.

Try. Nature and Justice both are on my side;
Where Nature does most Liberally bestow
The Charmes of Beauty, there our Loves we Owe,
And I the Rules of Justice but pursue,
Paying a Debt where Nature shewes 'tis due.

Stra. Since your first Love you did to her afford,
Justice obliges you to keep your Word;
And to my Sister, Sir, I am Confin'd,
By Natures Law to be both Just and kind.
Thus, Sir, the Right is on my side you see,
Fancy does Govern you but Reason me;

Try. Such Cruel Words ought not from you to fall,
What you term Fancy I must Duty Call;
If you I first had seen, then her Ador'd,
By you most Justly I had been abhor'd,
But you being seen, I should my self abhor,
If after I Your Sister could Adore;
Your Justice into question will be brought,
If my Misfortune should be call'd my Fault;

Madam

Madam, it must be, sure, some other thing
Which makes you at this rate to use your King;
And from his Proffer'd Throne thus to Retire,
A Glory to which all but you Aspire.

Stra. She does not Merit to a Throne to Clime,
Who does acquire that Glory by a Crime;
To be a Queen I would not wound my Name.

Try. Your only Crime is that you slight my Flame;
A Flame which, if by you Contemn'd it be,
Shall Ruine others as 'twill Ruine me.

Madam, take heed of being thus unkind,
Least you your Iudge should in your Lover find.

Stra. Nothing can me to Unjust Actions move;
Nor will I, Sir, be threatned into Love.

Ah if true Love e'r in your Heart had Raign'd;
You would have known it could not be Constrain'd;

Under Heav'n's Care Love above Life does stand,
Tyrants may Love but cannot Love Command;

Act what you said to me, 'twill easier prove
T'indure your Sentence then indure your Love.

Try. Mistake not what your Scorn forc'd me to say;
For to your Beauties such Respect I pay,

I'd Kill my self sooner then threaten you,
But with Revenge *Nicanor* I'll Pursue;

He to my Love, when told him, was unkind,
And then I fear'd th' Effects which now I find.

Stra. This Menace is beyond your first severe,
You Threaten now what only I can feare,
But Feare to Love was never yet the Way.

Try. I must not Credit that which now you say,
For of Loves Theory so much you show,

As I believe the Practick too you know;
This is a Truth your blushes now have shown,

Nor could you scorne my Passion and my Throne;
Had not some other prepossest your Heart;

To find him out I'll use my Pow'r and Art,
And, Madam, then it will perhaps appear,

You can for him as for *Nicanor* fear;
I am now certain you a Lover have,

Him and my hopes I'll bury in one Grave;
For since you make me Wretched, you shall know

I have the Pow'r to make you Wretched too,
And though my Rival might escape my Hand,

Yet still your Father's Life's at my Command,
Which he shall Lose, if by to morrow night

You value not that Love which now you slight.

Stra. Yes, Tyrant, thy Resentments more to move
I will Confess to thee I am in Love.

*Stratonice seems
disordered.*

But yet to thee the Man shall ne'r be known
 For whom I scorn thy Passion and thy Throne;
 Act then thy Menaces that thou mayst see,
 I too am more in Love with Death than thee;
 To those who feel such Cruelties as these
 Dying is not a Punishment but ease.

Try. Know that to Morrow Night's the utmost date
 Given to *Nicanor's* Life or to thy Hate.

Stra. To Morrow Night In both it shall appear,
 Who feares not Death does not a Tyrant fear.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Seleucus Alone.

The SCENE is the Garden of Tryphons Pallace.

Oh whether by my Passion am I Led?
 My Love should die after my Hopes are dead;
 She has her self declar'd to me that she
 Has given to him that which is sought by me,
 Nor is *Aretus* guilty of the Crime,
 He does to me what I'd have done to him;
 Because in Love I cannot reach my End,
 Why should Revenge deprive me of my Friend?
 Great Gods! how can I grow so Cold and tame,
 As on a Rivall to bestow that Name?
 And while *Aretus* does my Joyes Ingross,
 Talke my self into Patience for my loss.
 Since Friendship thus does plead for my Disgrace,
 Revenge do thou ascend and take the place;
 Thou more like Virtue dost to me appear
 Then Friendship can, in this Affront I bear;
 Since to the Brave nothing should be above
 Revenge in Wrongs or Constancy in Love,
 Therefore thy Death, proud Rivall, Ile pursue,
 If I must Loose her, thou must Loose her too.

[*Tryphon comes in to him.*]

Try. *Seleucus*, now I feel a Matchless Paine,
 My Perfect Love Meets with the like Disdaine;
 'Twixt what her Beautie and her Scorn does doe,
 At once I Hate her and Adore her too;
 Ah when Provok'd by what to me she said
 I Menac'd her to take *Nicanor's* Head,
 So Bravely she the threatening did Despise,
 Her Spirit I Admire above her Eyes:
 Thus what I thought the speediest Way might be
 To Conquer her, has the more Conquer'd me;

For

For to my Bondage I am now Confin'd,
Both by the Lustre of her Eyes and Mind,
But that which does my Highest Torment prove
Is, She Confest to me she was in Love,
And proudly said twas past my Pow'r and Art
To find him out to whom she gave her heart.

Sel. This and the scorn which you from her Indure
Should make you to your Reason owe your Cure.

Try. To one in Love do not of Reason speake,
For Love is never strong till Reason's weake;
My Passion is so Pow'rfull and so High,
As if I miss Enjoying her I Die;
But if by thy Assistance she be won,
Thou shalt with her divide my Heart and Crown.

Sel. Wealth is a thing I never did regard,
To have your Favour is the best Reward,
Which I'll deserve since, Sir, to reach your Ends
I will expose my Mistress and my Friends;
Yes, Sir, to me alone, you now will know,
That both your Life and Mistress you shall owe,
Then summon all your Fortitude to hear
That which at once will wound your Heart and Ear;
Our Fortunes, Sir, with the like Malice move,
You Love one Sister, I the other Love;
You have a Rivall who her Heart has wonne,
To me my Rivall the like Wrong has done;
But that at which we both should most repine,
Your Friend's your Rivall and my Friend is mine,

Try. What Friend of mine can dare affront me thus?

Sel. That name you give but to *Demetrius*.

Try. Oh Gods! what Horrors does my Soul invade?
Scorn'd by my Mistress, by my Friend betray'd:
This fatal Secret who disclos'd to thee?

Sel. 'Twas he himself that open'd it to me.

Try. From me conceale it, and yet tell it you:
Should I believe *Demetrius* is untrue,
Oh do not take this way to Usurp his Place.

Sel. He durst not tell you he your Rival was,
But had you mark'd those Horrors he was in,
When him you prest to court her for your Queen,
You would not have been doubtfull of his Crime,
Your Eyes had told you what I learn'd from him.

Try. 'Tis true his Troubles as it were above
What any Passion could produce but Love,
My Error and thy Faithfulness I see;

Ah since *Demetrius* proves so false to me,
Sure 'tis he too that doth my Life pursue.

Sel. No, Sir, that Guilt is to *Aretus* due,

With me he *Cleopatra* does Adore,
 Who does so much your Leaving her Abhor,
 That she has made my Rivall promise her,
 Charm'd by Loves Pow'r to be your Murtherer;
 She try'd my help in the Designe to win,
 But, Sir, I did detest so base a Sin.

Try. Thou art my Genius, and I owe to thee
 All that I am, and all I hope to be,
 Though *Cleopatra's* Guilt be rais'd so high
 That, as *Aretus*, she deserves to Dye,
 Yet if she'll marry thee I'll pardon her,
 But I one hour will not his Death defer.

Sel. This favour tyes me, while I live, to you,
 But, Sir, in your own case what will you do?

Try. In that, *Seleucus*, I am doubtfull yet,
 For on each side the difficultie's great;
 I look with Horror on *Demetrius* guilt,
 Yet tremble to pluck down what I have built;
 Friendship and Love so in my Bosome strive,
 As I yet know not which shall there survive;
 I now am under an unheard of Fate,
 My Friend and Mistress I both Love and Hate;
 Ah would *Aretus* all my Blood had spilt,
 That against either I might shun the Guilt;
 In this sad streight I'd be advis'd by thee.

Sel. The Resolution easy seems to me,
 For to your Love if you can give an End,
 You ought to pardon and make blest your Friend;
 But if your Being to your Love you tye,
 Then there's no doubt *Demetrius*, Sir, must Dye.

Try. But if my Love while guiltless was deny'd,
 I doubt when in her Lovers Blood tis dy'd,
 That Cruelty may more her Hatred move.

Sel. Yet 'tis a Cruelty produc'd by Love;
 When by your Pow'r you make her be your Wife,
 And when your Mercy spares her Fathers Life,
 Both those joyn'd with the Charming Name of Queen
 Over her Hate the Victory may win;
 But if, when she's your Wife her Hate endures,
 The Trouble, Sir, will be more hers then yours.

Try. But since, when but to fright her I did say
 That I *Nicanor's* Life would take away,
 She told me to her Death she too would fly;
 I feare if I should make her Lover Dye,
 She in dispair to her own Death would run.

Sel. Killing one's self is sooner said then done,
 But if to him that Proof of Love shee'd give,
 Think not shee'l marry you while he does live.

Try. Ha ! what thou say'st admits of noe reply ;
 And does on Love bestow the Victory :
 Those Words have torn *Demetrius* from my Mind,
 And for his Death the Orders they have sign'd ;
 He and *Aretus* instantly shall Dye ;
 Prepare the Guards with speed and secrecy ;
 Thy Care of me has made me judge it fitt
 To thee this Execution to commit. *(They goe out severall wayes.)*

The SCENE of Nicanor's Pallace opens.

Nicanor, Aretus, Demetrius.

Cleopatra and Stratonice boeh weeping

Stra. Yes, Sir, I scorn'd his Love and Anger too ,
 Till he with speedy Death did threaten you ,
 My Constancy he then did more than fright ,
 Yet I conceal'd my Terrors from his sight ;
 But, Sir, my Eyes , as soon as he was gone ,
 Wept as my Heart , while he was here, had done ;
 For if to morrow night I'm not his Wife ,
 He has declar'd hee'll take away your Life.

Nic. I'l rather to his Rage submit my Head ,
 Than yield that you should such a Tyrant wed ;
 I'l sooner Die then I'l that Union see ,
 Such Hate I have for him such Love for thee.

Are. to Cleo. From your Fair eyes those Tears you ought to wipe ,
 This Crime for Heavens Revenge makes *Tryphon* ripe ,
 So ripe that through his Guards along I'l goe
 To pay that Death which to his Guilt we owe ;
 The Danger does less then the Duty seem ,
 I'l dry your Tears or strive to merit them.

Dem. to Stra. I thought by Love he would your heart have 'won ,
 And therefore I did yield to be undone ;
 But since to this vile way he hath recourse ,
 'Tis just to end such Tyranny by Force ;
 I'l now with much less Grief his Death pursue ,
 Then I resign'd to him my claim to you.

Ar. Since we to kill the Tyrant are agreed ,
 I see the Gods his Ruine have decreed.

Nic. Though that is just which is designed by you ,
 Yet Just things we should doe as Wise men doe ;
Seleucus who th' Usurers Guards commands ,
 When this new Tyranny he understands ,
 To join with us I hope may soon be won.

Cleo. I dare assure you 'tis already done.

Nic. Already done ! by whom ?

Cleo. ——— tis done by me ;

His Hate to *Tryphon* and his Tyranny

Is such , as I am sure in this Designe

He will with you , when you desire it , joyn.

Are. Whoever does to Virtue but pretend ,
To what we have resolv'd must be a Friend.

Enter Irene hastily

Ire. I on your privacies would not intrude ,

Did not my duty force me to be rude.

Some of the Servants from the Garden call ,

To tell you many soldiers scale the Wall ,

Arm'd for a Fight they every one appeare ,

And all of them do *Tryphon's* Livery weare.

Hermione running in.

Herm. *Seleucus* is into your Pallace come ,

And does with *Tryphon's* Guards fill every Room.

Nica. What may this Meane ?

Her. My Eyes are much mistooke.

If Rage and Horror dwells not in his Look.

Selen. Yeild up your Swords , in vain you'll fight or fly.

Aret. Betray'd ! then let us acting our Revenges die.

*Seleucus forces open the doores, he runs in with several of the guards
Nicanor Aretus and Demetrius draw their Swords, but ere they
can make use of them, are opprest by Numbers and are disarm'd,
Seleucus beckons to the Guards to retire, while they are going
out Seleucus sayes.*

Secure the Pallace Guards, if you Admit

Any r'escape , your Lives shall pay for it ,

These orders read will let you understand ,

That what I doe is by my Kings command ;

You are my Prisoners all , *Aretus* you

Must bear the Fate which to your Sin is due ,

For you the Murther of the King did plot.

Aret. I Merit Death because I kill'd him not.

Selen. *Demetrius* too the like hard Fate must prove ;

He does not only Rival *Tryphon's* Love ,

But knew *Aretus* did his Death intend ,

And yet Conceal'd it to preserve his Friend.

Deme. Perfidious man, the Tyrant could not be

Told that he was my Rival but by thee.

Selen. Madam, the King in hope that you'll receive

His Love , does yet *Nicanor's* Life reprieve.

Nica. Since these two generous Friends are doom'd to Die ,

Sparing of me is but his Cruelty.

*She gives the or-
ders to Nicanor.*

Stra.

Stra. Who would the loss of so much Worth survive,
Or by A Tyrant's Mercy who would Live?
Death is then either Welcomer to me.

Selen. to Cleo. Here Prostrate, Madam, at your Feet you see
One who long since has paid to you his Heart,
And who by Love is forc'd to act this part;
For when I came to tell you of the Fire
Which your Bright Eyes did in my Soul inspire,
And, that it might more acceptable be
Did offer to revenge your injury,
You, e'r I could make you my great Request,
Told me *Aretus* Raign'd within your Breast;
Ah! When I found that he was Monarch there,
I did, Compell'd by Love and by Dispair,
Discover all to *Tryphon* with Design
Helping his Love to make him further mine;
This, Madam, you may Look on as my Sin,
But what you think my Guilt I Glory in;
For what more fully could my Passion prove
Then sacrificing of my Friends to Love.

Are. Since Love makes no man Cruel or Unjust,
That which thou call'st thy Love is but thy Lust.

Cleo. Selenus, I have Listned unto you
At once with Horror and with Pitty too,
Horror that you this Falshood could Commit,
Pitty that Love seduc'd you into it;
Ah! to my Love what wrong could be so high,
As thinking 'twould be woon by Treachery?
No, No, though my affection for you were
Such as for me you would have yours appear,
Yet Honor, which of all things most I rate,
Would by this Falshood turn that Love to Hate;
And could I be obtain'd by what you doe,
That Crime would soon worke the like Change in you;
Oh doe not think that Love can ere be built
On such a false foundation as your Guilt.

Selen. In my sad loss what could I else have done?
To me you'r lost, or this way must be wonne.

Cleo. This way be Won! Oh Gods let me not see
That you can have so Low a thought of me;
For then I'll rather my own Death Pursue,
Then owe the saving of our Lives to you;
I would have had you to my Love pretend
By ways which were proportion'd to the End,
And would have had you, though your Hopes were Crost,
Yet to have Merited what you have Lost;
More Grief in such Revenge I might then find,
Then in this mean one you have now design'd;

For when true Honor in a Soul does Raigne,
To be ingratefull is the fowlest Staine,
And she must in her Breast feel more Remorse
That is orecome by Merit then by Force.

Selen. Merit would have but plaid a Hopeless part,
When he by Inclination had your Heart;
Madam, it would have much encreast my woe
To have Deserv'd you and have Lost you too.

Cleo. And yet both these had been an Easier Fate
Then not to Merit me and Merit Hate;
Ah! when you thought that he my Heart had won
By that which you call Incination,
You then should by Desert and not Despaire
Have cast him thence and fixt *Seleucus* there,
This might perhaps have been perform'd by you,
Had you reveng'd my Wrongs and *Syria's* too;
And this Perhaps though Late may yet be done.

Sel. Ah, Madam, I to your Revenge will run,
If you to me will now a Promise give,
That when 'tis acted you'll my Love receive.

Cleo. Ah Run not thus into another Fault,
Love would not be what tis could it be bought.

Are. Why Madam should he now rewarded be
For doing that from which he hinders me?
Pay not so high a price for our Reprieve.

Cleo. My Love, *Aretus*, is my own to give.

Aret. Yet to your Love give him not a preference
By that which cannot wash off his Offence.

Cleo. Death would to me, *Seleucus*, happier prove
Then if I made a Bargain for my Love.

Selen. Madam, I beg that it your Gift might be.

Cleo. Doing your Duty you should trust to me.

Stra. Alas why should you her Unkindness dread,
When so much Merit on your side shall plead?

Nic. Consider, should you run your Fatal way,
The present Times and Times to come will say,
Because *Seleucus* in his Love had fail'd,
He on his Country Tyrannie Intayl'd,
A Sin so black t'were better to submit
To slighted Love, then bear the Guilt of it.

Cleo. But though to sell my Love I do abhor, *She offers to kneel*
Yet on my knees your Virtue I Implore. *And behinders her.*
To free your Country and remove our Fears,
And to those Pray'rs behold I add these Tears, *[She weeps.]*
Since t'was your Love forc'd you to doe these Wrongs.
This Reparation to your Love belongs

Seleucus *Muses a while gazing on Cleopatra.*

Sel.

Selen. Love still with a resistless Power appears,
 When Beauty Plead the Cause and speaks in Tears;
 The fiercest storms which over Souls has Pow'r
 Cannot but be suppress'd by such a Show'r;
 I Can no Longer my hard Temper keep,
 'Tis less to Loose you then thus make you weep;
 In you and in my Services I'll trust,
 They shall be Great, and you I know are Just;
 Thus Clouds a while may the Suns Light Confine,
 But when they Vanish it does brighter shine.

Sel. to Are. Now brave *Aretus*, wee'l together prove
 Who has the Highest Title to her Love.

Are. When of most Merit you can truly boast,
 Then I deserve she should to me be Lost.

Dem. to Stra. Madam your Wrongs call me with them to go,
 So does the Duty I to *Syria* Owe.

Sel. Then against *Tryphon* Let us all declare;
 The Guards which I have brought my Creatures are,
 And I even Long till I his Blood have spilt,
 The Victim due both to my Love and Guilt;
 We must this Moment kill him by surprise,
 Our Safety now in Expedition Lies.

Nica. Democ. Aret. and Selenus goes out.

Cleo. Sure 'tis the Gods that thus their Hearts Incline.

Stra. And may the Gods smile too on their designe.

Cleo. You both must to the Tyrants Pallace go, } To *Hermione*
 And Let us hourly all that Passes know. } and *Irene*.

Cleopatra, Stratonice, Hermione and Irene goes out.

The SCENE is *Tryphons Pallace*.

Tryphon alone.

Demetrius Knowes ere now that tis a thing,
 Too bold to be a Rival to a King,
 And in his Ruine *Stratonice* shall see
 Nothing is dearer then her Love to me,
 Nor dare *Nicanor* my Address detest,
 Whn by such Proofs he finds I'm not in Jest;
Aretus still so proud A heart did show,
 As I long ow'd him what I pay him now;
 My faithfull Freed Man *Arcas* I have sent,
 Sooner to learn of my Revenge th' Event.

Arcas

Arcas Runs in hastily and affrighted.

Arcas, Sir you are lost.

Try. What makes thee so affraid?

Ar. Oh Sir, you by *Seleucus* are Betray'd.

Try. This News my Soul do's with Amazement fill.

Arcas, He's Joyn'd with those whom he was sent to kill.

My haſt hath almoſt robb'd me of my Breath,

And, Sir, with them your Guards conſpire your Death;

The People too call for your head abroad,

And to thoſe Traitors in whole troops they croud.

Try. *Arcas*, who told this fatal news to thee?

Ar. Sir what I tell you I my ſelf did ſee,

And through the ſtreets they March'd at ſuch a rate,

As they muſt now be near the Fallace Gate,

Which is abandon'd, Sir, by all the Guards,

Brib'd by *Seleucus* Arts or his Rewards;

If you would fly, you ſhould not looſe your time.

Try. Death's but a Punishment, but Flight a Crime,

I'll rather Loofe my Life then they ſhall ſee

That ought which they can do can frighten me;

The name of King by no baſe act I'll Blot,

Nor Dying looſe the Fame my Life has got.

Arcas, Were but theſe Words, Sir, to the *Syrians* known,

They yet would grant that you deſerve the Throne;

To me you ſeem ſo Generous and High,

That fighting by your ſide I mean to Die.

Try. Doſt thou then think I will with Traytors fight?

Ar. Sir you diſdain to ſave your ſelf by Flight.

Try. But who like me a Kingdom did Command,

Should ſcorn to Die by any Subjects hand;

No, No, he Merits not to fill a Throne

Who when Fate calls, dares not imploy his own;

'Twould be the Traytors Glory as their Guilt,

If they could ſay that they my Blood had ſpilt:

Go watch their coming in the outward Roome,

And, when they Enter, ſay aloud they Come;

Mean while for ſuch a Death I will prepare,

As ſhall Deſerve thy kindneſs and thy care.

Arcas ſtays weeping and fixes his eyes on Tryphon.

Will *Arcas* then my laſt Requeſt deny?

Ar. Sir I but begg that I with you may Dye.

Try. They will ſurpriſe me by this fond delay.

Ar. Since you will have it ſo I muſt obey.

[*Arcas goes out.*]

Try. This turn I owe to *Cleopatra's* Eyes;

Yet ſince I am depriv'd of *Stratonice*,

My Death which they united do conspire,
Is not my Fear but that which I Desire.

*Tryphon goes to an elevated place like a Throne, seats himself in it,
then draws a Ponyard, and viewing it saith,*

My Hand is yet of this Bright Scepter sure,
Which for my Sufferings is a Certain Cure:
Thus arm'd I will my Enemies outbrave,
And, spight of Fate, deserve a Glorious Grave.
Ah *Stratonice*, if thou my Heart couldst see,
Thou'dst find I only grieve at leaving thee;
Such Charmes are in thine Eyes. (*Arcas cries within.*
Arcas They come, they come.

Tryphon rises lifting up his Hand with the Ponyard in it.

Try. Then I no longer will defer my Doom.

*Nicanor, Demetrius, Aretus, Seleucus rush in with their Swords
drawn, followed by the Guards; All make a stand seeing Try-
phon in that Posture.*

Though of my Death your Treacheries may boast,
The Triumph yet of your Revenge is lost;
Since Heaven designs this my last hour shall be,
Thus I my self act what the Gods decree: (*Stabs himself.*
Pleas'd that my Fate within my own Pow'r lyes,
And that in Death I can my foes despise;
I dye content, since my last breath can boast,
That I your Plot of Murth'ring me have crost:

Tryphon dyes.

Nic. The Tyrant with himself has been at strife
To make his Death as Guilty as his Life.

Dem. 'Twas Just this Execution he should doe,
That as he wrong'd us he may right us too.

Are. Yet I must Grieve at that which all Rejoyce,
Death should have been his Punishment, not Choice.

Sel. His thirst of Humane Blood so great was growne;
As he, rather then spare it, spilt his owne.

One of the Guard leads in Arcas bound.

Guard, *Arcas* confesses 'twas he cry'd they come.

Arc. I do expect, but doe not Fear your Doom.

Dem. Let him in safety to his Country goe.

Are. For our Revenge this Object is too low,

Sel.

Sel. See how he shakes, Guard let him be unbound.

Nic. We should prize Faithfulness where e'r 'tis found.

The Guard unbind Arcas.

Are. To show I merit what I now enjoy,
The Freedome you bestow I thus imploy.

Arcas runs to Tryphon, takes the Bloody Pontard which lay by him, and with it stabs himself.

That Death you thought I fear'd, I run to meet
And dye content since at-my-Masters feet

[He falls dead at Tryphons feet.]

Nic. Arcas deserv'd, who could so bravely Doe,
A better Fate and better Master too.

Are. Tryphon deserved his Gratitude to have,
Him he did free and all the rest enslave.

Sel. Arcas I wrong'd thinking he shook for Feare.

Enter Cleopatra, Stratonice, Hermione and Irene.

Cleo. The news of Tryphon's Death hath brought us here,
We heard that he by his own Hand did Dye.

Sel. See where he now Pale as his Guilt does lye.

(They all goe towards the dead Body.)

Cleo. This sight at once my Joy and Grief does raise.

Syr. 'Tis an ignoble Triumph thus to gaze,
Sir, let his Body be from hence convey'd,
He by his Death for all his Crimes has paid.

Sel. Since by the Justice done by Tryphon's Hand
The Throne of Syria does now empty stand,
And since the Tyrant, to confirm his sway,
The Royall Line at once did make away,
Princes, 'twere fit we instantly agreed,
Who is the Worthiest Person to succeed,
And, since his Merit only can pretend,
I judge Nicanor should the Throne ascend.

Dem. Seleucus you my motion but prevent.

Are. I to what both propose with Joy consent,
To you alone the Syrian Crown is due.

Nic. Excuse me, Sir, it does belong to you.

Nicanor kneels to Aretus

Admire

Admire not that my self I prostrate thus ;
 Since now I kneel before *Antiochus* :

(They all start and seem amazed.)

Preserv'd by Heaven from *Tryphons* bloody Pow'r,
 To all the blessings of this glorious Hour ;
 Your Father, Sir, who found he did designe [*Arc. takes Nica. up.*
 T' Usurp the Crown and kill the Royall Line,
 Sent you that night by a safe hand to me,
 Hoping that I shut up in privacy,
 (For when the King revoak'd the Generals place
 I in Retirement mourn'd out my Disgrace)
 Might best protect you from the Tyrants Rage ;
 This noble Trust did all my Grievs assuage.

Dem. 'Twas a high Proof that he your Virtue knew,
 Since whil'st he Wrong'd you he did trust you too.

Nic. Out of my House but still within my Care
 You by the Gods till now protected were,
 Under the name of *Leno's* son you went,
 The Prince by whom you first to me were sent,
 Who when your Father and the King was kill'd,
 O'recome by Greif his Life to Death did yeild ;
 In reading this short Letter, Sir, you'll know,
 Why what you are till now I durst not show.

He gives Aretus a Letter.

Aretus reads.

Antiochus to Nicanor.

Since Heaven this Ruine throwes on us,
 I trust you with *Antiochus* ;
 Let him by you with Care be bred,
 But till you see the Tyrant dead,
 (Oh I conjure you grant me this)
 Let not himself know who he is,
 Th' Affront my Father cast on you forgive,
 And let me still in your Remembrance live.

ANTIOCHUS.

Aretus

Aretus gives the Letter to Demetrius and Seleucus.

Sel. If 'tis the Prince's hand, the hand I know,
It is his writing;

Dem. His subscription too.

Nic. My Testimony were enough alone,
Since I thereby doe gain the *Syrian* Throne,
To which by all your Votes you would me bring.

Sel. We all acknowledge that you are our King.

Are. Though a lost Crown the Gods to me restore,
Two things there are which yet I value more;
Oh would to Heaven, *Seleucus*, that I knew
How to be just both to my Love and you.

Sel. Under such loads of Guilt my self I find,
That I though forc'd by Love your Death design'd,
As I the Greatest Sufferings ought to bear,
And therefore yield t' indure the loss of Her;
A hopeless Love to the best End I bring,
Pleasing by it my Mistress and my King;
Bless'd if the Sin caus'd by my Love and Fate
By this Atonement I can expiate.

Are. This Generous Act which now you for me doe
Does most oblige me and Amaze me too. (*Embracing him.*)

To Cleo. Now, Madam, I dare humbly beg of you
To take that Heart which to your Eyes is due,
They make me know that 'tis a greater thing,
To be their Captive then to be their King;
A King who does as his chief Glory own
The Power of laying at your feet a Crown;
In taking it you'l Raise his Joys above
All things except your Beauty and his Love;

Nicanor who to me does Empire give,
I hope will yield that you should let me Live,
Which I shall not till I your Pleasure know.

Nic. The Duty, Sir, she to her King does owe.

Cleo. That Love for which so Generously you sue,
I give not to your Title but to you.

Are. Though from your Father I receive a Throne,
Yet now you give me more then he has done,
Amidst these Joys which Heaven on me does send,
I dare not be Unmindful of my Friend;

Demetrius, Sir, Adores Fair *Stratonice*.

Nic. Sir, I with Joy consent that she be his.

Dem. to Stra. Madam, so Guilty I have been to you,
That I scarce dare for your Forgiveness Sue,
Mercy it self but rarely does bestow
At the same time Rewards and Pardons too.

Stra. to Dem. Since what you did, Honor did lead you to,
Love shall forgive what Honor made you doe;
And since your Guilt I thus have took away,
'Tis fit that I *Nicanor* should Obey.

Dem. None by Excess of Joy can Death receive,
Since after this which you have done I live.

Are. to Nic. Sir, I have now but one Request to make,
'Tis that the General's Place you now will take,
This is the Lowest Reparation due,
For that affront the King did cast on you.

Nic. Since I have liv'd to Place you in the Throne,
The only Duty made me Live is Done.
Besides a Solemn Oath I once did swear,
That I would never Publick Office bear;
Think how *Seleucus*, Sir, Oblig'd may be,
You have already done too much for me.

Ar. Then for *Seleucus* I that place Design,
To which all *Tryphon's* Forfeitures I joyn;
'Tis just since all our Lives to you we owe,
That you should have the Pow'r to guard them too.

Sel. These Gifts not for their Greatness I esteem,
But that the Evidence of trust they seem.

Are. to Nic. Is there then nothing in my Pow'r to doe,
Which, Sir, may show my Gratitude to you.

Nic. You've given me all the Honor I desir'd:

Are. You for yourself a Nobler have acquir'd.
The Way in which me to the Throne you bring,
Is Greater then to be your self a King.
Now let us to the Gods Oblations pay,
For all the Blessings of this Glorious day:
To them a Double Debt from me is due,
Much for my Crown I owe them, more for You.

(Taking Cleo by the Hand)

The Curtain falls



Epilogue.

Y Our dealing, we confess, is very faire;
You paid your Money e'r you saw our Ware,
And if you should dislike it now 'tis seen,
I pray how would you get it back again?
Since never yet at Law an Action lay
For Money paid to see a Cry'd-down-Play;
Then whatsoe'r it be, dispraise it not,
But doe as some when they a Clap have got;
Commend the Wench that more to her may goe,
Thus if they Jeer you, you may jeer them too;
New Playes, like Wives, are subject to the curse
Of being took for better or for worse.



ERRATA

ERRATA in the *Black Prince*.

Page 1. Line 7. read prais'd, for priz'd. l. 16. r. Frenchmens, for frenchmans. p. 3. l. 18. r. for, for from. l. 25. r. made, for rail'd. l. 42. r. Royal, for Regal. p. 6. l. 3. r. moving, for mourning. l. 24. r. for, for from. l. 39. r. men, for me. p. 7. l. 7. r. sacred, for secret. l. 14. r. Ought but her death should tell her Lover it. l. 18. r. Lowe, for Love. p. 10. l. 4. r. my, for to. p. 11. l. 6. r. told, for found. l. 32. r. owe, for owne. l. 26. r. owe, for own. l. 44. r. I'le, for I. p. 13. l. 43. r. taught, for thought. p. 15. l. 11. r. talke, for taske. l. 43. r. then me by friendship. p. 18. l. 44. r. weare, for wast. p. 19. l. 12. r. taught, for thought. p. 24. l. 21. r. I love, spight of his fault. p. 25. l. 44. r. Councillors, for Chancellors. p. 27. l. 32. r. with, for may. p. 28. l. 11. r. intend, for purpose. l. 28. r. he, for she. p. 30. l. 15. r. enjoyne, for enjoy. p. 32. l. 19. Garden-dore for Chamber-dore. p. 34. l. 33. r. though, for to. p. 35. l. 22. r. or, for and. l. 25. r. you may goe there with me. p. 36. l. 1. r. does, for nor. l. 4. r. is past, for in part. p. 38. l. 11. r. your sentence. l. 12. r. or, for me. p. 39. l. 11. r. him, for you. p. 40. l. 6. r. seircely, for freely. l. 20. r. who valu'd not her joyes. l. 41. r. vow, for voyce. l. 44. r. your, for my. p. 42. l. 6. r. since I enjoy at last. p. 43. l. 10. r. he, for her. p. 44. l. 3. r. say, for tell. p. 46. l. 36. r. succesful, for succesless. p. 47. l. 45. r. cure for care. p. 48. l. 13. r. that which you now have said. l. 15. r. stray, for stay. p. 48. l. 21. r. do not all th' Honour. p. 49. l. 9. r. Eyes, for Eye. l. 36. r. belief, for releif. p. 50. l. 1. r. Madam that King may safely. l. 18. r. what, for that. p. 51. l. 22. r. my love for you is grown. l. 38. r. and Madam. p. 53. l. 15. r. justly, for justice. p. 55. l. 33. r. you for you'l. p. 62. l. 12. r. confine, for confirme. l. 20. r. till, for still. p. 63. l. 14. r. to own my fault.

ERRATA in *Tryphon*:

Page 1. l. 13. r. and he too much deserves. l. 20. r. this Monster's wickedness. l. 28. r. it, for, he. l. 31. r. guilt, for blood. p. 2. l. 19. r. worse, for more. l. 24. r. it, for even. p. 3. l. 2. r. you'll, for will. p. 7. l. 22. r. his sorrow is but his hypocrisy. l. 43. r. what Tryphon ere shall doe. p. 10. l. 44. r. 'tis worse then death. p. 12. l. 13. r. now, for well. p. 14. l. 15. r. 'tis., for 'twas. l. 17. r. not *Aretus* Arme employ. p. 17. l. 32. r. much, for sad. p. 20. l. 39. r. for, for. so. p. 21. l. 35. r. which did berwixtus pass. p. 23. l. 40. r. for, for in. p. 24. l. 10. r. hand, for man. p. 25. l. 1. r. cries, for crimes. l. 21. r. said, for done. l. 38. r. help. for self. p. 26. l. 21. r. the, for your. l. 24. r. or, for e're. p. 29. l. 26. r. makes, for made. l. 17. r. truth, for faith. l. 31. r. and, for yet. l. 38. r. are, for be. p. 30. l. 4. r. beare, for fear'. l. 29. r. that, for this. p. 31. l. 8. r. me, for you. p. 32. l. 19. r. you, for them. l. 25. r. decline, for resigne. l. 29. r. too, for 'twas. p. 33. l. 1. r. of, for for. l. 8. r. thereby, for therein. p. 34. l. 11. r. for, for to. l. 25. r. of a more sharp revenge. l. 38. r. lowest, for bravest. p. 35. l. 38. r. love, for same. p. 37. l. 1. r. for, for from. l. 30. r. hate, for curse. p. 38. l. 10. r. my, for such. l. 18. r. wounds, for words. p. 39. l. 23. r. it, for her. p. 40. l. 42. r. act, for aske. p. 41. l. 16. r. what, for why. p. 41. l. 29. r. just. for best. p. 43. l. 18. r. tyrants may life. l. 7. r. same, for name. l. 16. r. mine, for it. p. 44. l. 21. r. prove, for grow. p. 45. l. 27. r. we justly should repine. l. 36. r. can, for should. l. 31. r. could, for would. p. 46. l. 10. r. with, for as. p. 47. l. 17. r. wept, for went. p. 49. l. 37. r. Case, for losse. p. 50. l. 1. r. where, for when. p. 52. l. 25. r. they, for you. p. 53. l. 10. r. loosing, for leaving. p. 55. l. 18. r. Zeno's son, for Leno's son. p. 56. l. 6. r. looke, for gaine. l. 22. r. both, for most. l. 26. r. a, for their. l. 34. r. that, for the.

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Two new tragedies

London 1669

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